

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government have held the Whitechapel seat by a reduced majority, and they are entitled to get what comfort they can from the fact that Lord Passfield's Palestine blunders were explained away in time to save them in a largely Jewish constituency. In Parliament the week has been quiet, and political discussion within the House and without has centred round the proposal for a new National Government.

The one point in favour of a Coalition—for that is what it comes to—is that it honestly faces the fact that no party has a majority, and

that the ordinary machinery of party government, by which political institutions in this country are worked, has broken down. In such circumstances, when any Government can be thrown out any day between tea and dinner, British liberty is obviously safe, but precious little else.

But a Coalition in which none are for a party and all are for the State, means in fact a Government in which every party gives up its principles and bargains away its beliefs for the sake of office. Such a Government would be not more strong, but less strong than a party Government in which men of the same party disagree, indeed, on particular courses, but agree on general principles;

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and since it would deprive the nation of any alternative, it would simply wreck the recognized system altogether.

Mr. Thomas was entitled to think Mr. Bennett's preference proposals humbug, but as a Minister of the Crown, and more particularly as the Minister responsible for Dominion affairs, he was certainly not entitled to say so in public. Mr. Bennett replied effectively, but, considering the provocation, very civilly.

Actually, the public are likely to take the view that the humbug was on the other side. A great parade was made of the British Government coming to the Imperial Conference with an open mind, ready to consider any and every proposal for the common good. In fact they relied on the R 101 to dazzle the Dominions with hopes of better communications, side-tracked the economic discussions, and talked vaguely about import boards, while Messrs. Snowden and Graham stumped the country making Cobdenite speeches. If that is not humbug it is difficult to say what is.

The criticism in these notes last week of Mr. Baldwin's defence of the Old Gang was followed a few days later by Mr. Austin Hopkinson's remarks to the same effect in the December *Nineteenth Century*. But in this case the echo is louder than the original voice, for while I contented myself with mentioning two who should be retained, Mr. Hopkinson definitely indicates three who ought to go.

Actually he mentions no names, but his first (as the acrostic-makers would say) is evidently Jix. There has been some speculation in the clubs whether his second is Sir Worthington-Evans or Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister; one rude commentator suggested it might be both, but after all they cannot very well be Siamese Twins. Mr. Harrison's third victim is Mr. Winston Churchill.

The late Chancellor of the Exchequer is indeed a difficulty. One is never quite sure if he is an asset or a liability. On the whole I have usually regarded him as an asset, if only for his courage, and have been inclined to back him once more for a place—but not as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The truth is, I suppose, that Mr. Churchill writes and speaks so well that one is apt to forget that he thinks so little, and on purely superficial and conventional lines. Unluckily this seems to be an inherent defect, for he has told us frankly that he knew nothing when he went to Harrow, and little more when he left; but he has thrown away the great and manifest advantage of not being educated, which is that a man is able to think for himself without text-book inhibitions.

The demand by the Leader of a party for a free hand in the choice of his Ministers is incompatible with the existence of a Shadow Cabinet while that party is in Opposition, for in practice he is bound to fill at any rate the major posts from those who form this body. Such being the case, promotion to Cabinet rank simply

becomes a question of seniority, and as in these democratic days politicians are a notoriously long-lived race it would seem that youth has no chance at all.

Personally, I consider that the Shadow Cabinet is an entirely unnecessary modern innovation. I do not recollect that the greatest leaders of the Opposition, such as Fox and Disraeli, ever had recourse to such an institution, and few Premiers of the first rank would care to be so hampered in their choice of colleagues as they must needs be if they have previously leant upon a body of this nature.

The task of disciplining an Opposition, and of deciding who is to speak for the party in debate, belongs to the office of Chief Whip, and that of leading to the Leader. In short, the Shadow Cabinet is at the best redundant, while at the worst it is, like a council of war, the last refuge of a timid or incompetent commander who does not know his own mind, and wants it made up for him.

It is amusing to see the way in which a section of the Press has heralded the railway directors' proposal to reduce their fees as an act of "sacrifice," and a "gesture" to the trade unions. While the rank and file of railway employees, as well as the relatively small number of highly paid officers, are engaged on a whole-time job, a seat on the Board represents only one aspect of a railway director's activities, and only one source of his income. I presume that I shall not be accused of militant socialism if I point out that there is a difference between the "sacrifice" made by a director who waives part of the £1,000 or £1,500 a year which he receives for sitting on the Board of one of the companies with which he is connected, and the genuine sacrifice made by the adult employee who is being asked to accept a minimum wage of 38s. a week.

It has not escaped comment that while the London, Midland and Scottish directors, who are the highest paid, propose to reduce their fees by 25 per cent.—a reduction which, I understand, will come into force by the beginning of next year—the directors of the other companies have put forward no concrete proposals, contenting themselves with the statement that these will be laid before stockholders at the annual meetings. Why they should adopt this procedure, when they can propose reducing the wages of their employees without first submitting the case to the stockholders, seems to require some explanation. Incidentally, the meetings will not be held until the end of February.

It should also be remembered that if the railway companies could enforce their proposed wage reductions, the directors, who hold a qualifying amount of stock, would recover in the shape of higher dividends at least part of their reduction in fees. In this connexion, it is important to bear in mind that while every additional sovereign in receipts produces only about an extra four shillings in net earnings, every pound saved on the wages bill represents an addition of twenty shillings to net revenue.



An extraordinary example of the futility of Committees is provided by the body which has been enquiring into capital punishment. Half the Committee has disagreed with the other half, and resigned. The remainder would like to abolish hanging, but has either not got the courage of its convictions or is not sure it is right, and proposes to suspend the capital penalty for five years, just to see what happens.

With all respect to the Committee, or what remains of it, I am not sure that they or their recommendation (or recommendations) matter very much. There is no chance of Parliament passing them; and what is more important is that you must first catch your murderer before you even try him, let alone hang him. Since the police rules were altered two years ago the number of cases in which no arrest has been made has become uncomfortably numerous.

There is nothing whatever to be said against the personal character of Sir Isaac Isaacs, a Jewish Australian lawyer of high reputation, who has been appointed Governor-General of the Commonwealth on the recommendation of Mr. Scullin. But the change in the method of appointment is in fact revolutionary. Instead of an independent umpire being appointed in London, the office of Governor-General will become in fact a gift from the Dominion Premier of the day.

There have been many occasions in the past when a Governor-General of wide experience in another part of the world has been able privately and unostentatiously to advise a State or Dominion Premier, or to help him round an awkward political corner, by the mere fact that as an outsider his motives could not be suspected. It is obvious that a local Governor-General who owes his job to an old friend in the Dominion itself will be in a radically different position. In effect, he will be the servant of the man who appoints him, and care will have to be taken that he is not dismissed with a change of Ministry.

The correspondence between the Anglican Bishop and the Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool revives in an acute form the dormant controversy as to the Roman attitude towards mixed marriages. It is alleged on the one side that Roman priests have pronounced the children of mixed marriages contracted outside the Roman Church to be illegitimate; and this grave charge has been met by the statement that the Roman Archbishop "cannot believe any priest would be so ignorant and foolish."

So far so good; Dr. Downey is a gentleman, a scholar, and incidentally a writer of some repute on controversial subjects. As such he must be presumed to have weighed his words carefully. But it is possible, of course, that he may have been misinformed, or ignorant of the facts; and the specific instance which the Anglican Bishop has submitted in reply at least seems to suggest that some Roman priests have been sufficiently ignorant and foolish to take up a position which their own Archbishop informs them to be untenable.

Now that the matter has been publicly raised, and is no longer a question of merely personal discussion between two eminent ecclesiastics, it will obviously have to be fought out to the end. It is an unpleasant business, but Dr. Downey has promised to investigate a case which is alleged to have occurred in his own archdiocese. If he can refute the Anglican Bishop's charges, he is entitled to a withdrawal and apology. If he cannot, he would seem to have no alternative but to discipline, and if possible educate, his clergy.

In ordinary circumstances, the persistent rumour that the Government intend to appoint Lord Gorell as Viceroy of India would be regarded as a foolish if not malicious joke. Bad as their record is, I can hardly suppose them guilty of a blunder of this kind. The *Daily Herald* asks why a Socialist peer should not be appointed. The answer is simple and, one would suppose, obvious. No Socialist peer is suitable; and with the single exception of Lord Parmoor, now incapacitated by age from going to India, the least suitable Socialist peer of all is Lord Gorell.

Lord Irwin once wrote a 'Life of John Keble'; Lord Gorell has written 'Babes in the African Wood.' His other distinctions include the Presidency of the Royal Society of Teachers and of the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases; both, no doubt, estimable bodies. But I may be forgiven for thinking that neither gives sufficient experience for governing an Empire.

I suspect Lord Camrose of a sense of humour. In an article on the *Daily Telegraph* and its aims last Monday, he remarked at large that "the modern newspaper must needs be a miracle of daily selection and compression." The sentiment is irreproachable. But was it accident or design that placed in the next column an exposé of the way in which the sensational Sunday papers had magnified a cross-channel trip of Mr. Montagu Norman's into something like a crisis of international finance?

In that case, as in too many others, the miracle was not of selection and compression, but of expansion and exaggeration to the point of complete distortion. There has been far too much of this sort of thing lately, and it is by no means the only fault of the contemporary Press. There is also a type of daily journal which seems to be produced by the trivial for the trivial, and to result in a bad magazine instead of a good newspaper.

Nobody, of course, expects a daily newspaper, which is a fight against the clock all the time, to contain final judgments on every grave problem of politics and philosophy. But it is, I think, reasonable to expect that it should have a rational scale of values and treat serious matters seriously. That is precisely where the sensational Press fails, and to judge from the comments I hear in train and omnibus, even the public that buys it has a sneaking contempt for its attitude.

## INDIA AND THE FEDERAL IDEA

THE Government has no luck at all with conferences, and that in spite of its obvious predilection for them. The Naval Conference, on the success of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald staked so much, failed through insufficient preparation; the shadow of the R 101 was over the Imperial Conference, even had there been no nigger, in the shape of Mr. Snowden, in the woodpile; and now whatever chances of success are possessed by the Round Table Conference are in no way due to the statesmanship of the Prime Minister and his colleagues. We allude, of course, to those proposals for a federated India, which are at the present moment the only practicable suggestions that have yet been put forward.

At the same time, it is clear that the principle of federation alone will not serve to bring peace to India; indeed, unless the details are very carefully worked out, it may bring a sword. In the first place, is federation to be on the Australian or the Canadian pattern? That is to say, are the constituent States to have all power that is not specifically vested by Act of Parliament in the federal government, or is the latter to control everything save a few minor matters that are left to the States? Then, again, it is clear that there will have to be certain subjects reserved to the Crown, that is to say to Whitehall; and this introduces a complication unknown in any other federal system in the world. Even a federated India would not be a sovereign State according to international law, while a mere confederacy would have all the disadvantages and none of the advantages both of federation and of the existing order.

There must also be taken into consideration that bugbear of all federal unions, the right of secession. In the United States of America the problem was only solved after a long and bloody civil war, and in such of the Latin-American republics as have adopted the federal system it is a continual source of trouble. Even in the British Empire the question is by no means an academic one. Western Australia is at this very moment contemplating secession from the Commonwealth; the Maritime Provinces of Canada from time to time threaten to take the same step with regard to that Dominion; and the Union of South Africa is never very far from a secessionist movement in Natal. If such things are possible in States where difference of race, language, and religion do not go very deep, it requires no great imagination to conjecture what may happen in India.

We state these criticisms of the federal idea, not because we believe it to be fundamentally unsound, and still less because, as certain organs of opinion in India have alleged, we are out to wreck the Round Table Conference. What, in our opinion, is needed above everything else is clear thinking, and particularly is this necessary if the solution is to be a federal one. In short, it will be essential that the powers of the Crown, of the federal authority, and of the individual States shall be defined with a precision that does not admit of misunderstanding. We do not say that even in these circumstances the scheme will be a success, for we still have an open mind, but unless this is done disaster will be the inevitable result.

In the meantime it is obvious that the discussions must be continued in the calmest possible

atmosphere. The problem is not one for the passions, but for the intellect, and in this light we trust that it will continue to be regarded by the vast majority of people both in this country and in India.

## THE "SATURDAY" LITERARY COMPETITIONS

THE report of the judge on the first of the larger literary competitions inaugurated by the SATURDAY REVIEW some weeks ago, which will be found on another page of this issue, will probably be read with interest by more than the actual competitors. These contests were designed to furnish some indication of the constructive and critical ability of the new generation that has not, so far, received recognition; and it may now be stated that they arose directly out of a fortuitous coincidence. An editor's postbag is large, and it often furnishes an undesigned comment on current thought; and among the many letters which reached this office, two separate streams were easily distinguished. On the one hand, there were continual complaints from men who had reached an assured position that the younger people could not write, could not think, would not trouble to do their work properly, and were, in a word, altogether degenerate and only fit to be damned. On the other hand, there were continual complaints from the younger aspirants that writers who had arrived had nothing further to say, but that they monopolized all the space; that names which had once stood for something now said nothing in particular at excessive length; and finally that old men never died and young men never got a chance.

Editors, like priests, in virtue of their office, believe only part of what they are told in the confessional-box; but these two streams of thought did seem to furnish material for investigation. Everybody knows of famous or successful authors who repeat a profitable trick until the public sickens of them or death mercifully puts a full stop to these activities; everybody hears sad stories of frustrated genius mouldering away, if not in a garret, at least in obscurity. The rising generation admits, in moments of candour, that it has its faults; but it seemed reasonable to suppose that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out, and we decided to throw our line with a little judicious bait at the end, and to see what happened.

The response has been immediate and large, and the judge has claimed (and received) our commiseration. We have discovered, as we anticipated, a number of people in whom desire to write outruns the performance; but we have also discovered a number who are capable of carrying on the torch of English literature and thought worthily and successfully. The entries have been more than sufficient to induce us to carry these competitions further; for they have proved, what we suspected at the start, that the assumption of degeneracy was mere idle talk. The young are never so good as the old until they have proved themselves, but given the chance they prove themselves the equals of their fathers.



## THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FIRST YEARS IN ENGLAND—I\*

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

PRINCE ALBERT had visited England twice before he came here to be the Consort of the young Queen. The first time was in 1836, when he sailed down the green Rhine on the way to England, carrying his English grammar book with him, and improving his conversation by talking to any stray Englishmen he met.

William the Fourth saw in the visit the completion of the great Coburg plan—the ambition of Leopold of Belgium to place the members of his family in all the Courts of Europe. "Why should the King keep you, a white little slavey," wrote Leopold to Princess Victoria—the King who had never "spent a sixpence for your existence."

So Prince Albert came in spite of the King, and the Princess found him to be the fairest Prince in Europe. He was seventeen—duty and virtue shone in his face. The Prince came with his brother Ernst, and when they arrived at Kensington Palace, Victoria saw in them the "most delightful young people . . . very amiable, very kind and good, and extremely merry, just as young people should be."

She sat on a sofa with Albert, turning over drawings. She danced with him and she walked with him, and after all three had displayed their talents upon the pianoforte, she agreed that Albert was "extremely handsome, which Ernst certainly is not." She wrote jolly letters to her uncle and she confided in him that she was in every way delighted "with the prospect of great happiness . . . in the person of dear Albert . . . he possesses every quality that could be desired to make me perfectly happy."

Albert was already incapable of showing emotion, even if he felt it. The dreamy boy who had pasted pictures upon the walls of the summer-house in the little Coburg garden was buried long ago. Leopold and Stockmar and his tutor had given him an armour of self-discipline, and in it he was unbending. His manners were perfect, but they were cold.

With Victoria it was different. Was she not half a Georgian? She loved life, she loved dancing, she loved the entertainments and the colour of existence. Still, the unbending boy amused her and delighted her. He "always used to have some fun and some clever, witty answer at breakfast." When he went from her, she was almost in love. She "cried bitterly, very bitterly" on the last morning before they went away.

She had done her best to entertain him. But he yawned at night because he never could stay up late without feeling sleepy. He found the King's levee long and fatiguing and it was a little tiresome having to stay up till two o'clock for a concert, after he had dined at Court. He wrote to his stepmother: "You can well imagine that I had many hard battles to fight against sleepiness during these late entertainments." He did not say more than that he thought Victoria "very amiable."

Next year Victoria became Queen. She escaped from the discipline of her mother to her "excellent Lord Melbourne" and to the Duke of Wellington, who was "very dear and nice" to her. The ambitious Coburgs had made somebody greater than themselves: she made her own life and she chose her own advisers. In the first year, her freedom made her afraid of marriage. Her escape only showed her the difficulties and responsibilities that might come with marriage, and

when her uncle in Brussels pressed her and while he trained Albert's mind to the idea of the English wedding, Victoria recoiled a little and wrote: "Though all the reports of Albert are most favourable and though I have little doubt I shall like him . . . still one can never answer beforehand for *feelings*, and I may not have the *feeling* for him which is requisite to ensure happiness. I *may* like him as a friend, and as a *cousin*, and as a *brother*, but not *more*; and should this be the case (which is unlikely) I am *very* anxious that it should be understood that I am not guilty of any breach of promise, for I *never* gave any."

Her cousins were coming to England and she wanted to be quite certain that Albert knew "that there is *no engagement* between us."

There had grown up in her a "great repugnance to change" her position. Freedom was a new and jolly experience, in spite of its responsibilities, and she was not inclined to seek new bonds without serious thought. She felt, too, that there was no anxiety in England "for such an event" as her marriage and she thought it more prudent "to wait till some such demonstration is shown."

Albert was already careful and independent in his attitude towards the English plan. When he had been told before that it would be necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years, he had answered: "I am ready to submit to this delay if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if after waiting, perhaps for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a ridiculous position and would, to a certain extent, ruin all my prospects for the future."

The Queen was naturally gay. She danced "till past three and was much amused." Next day she wrote to Lord Melbourne that she was ashamed "of sleeping from four till half-past ten." On her birthday she danced till four. "How different to last year! Everybody was so kind and so friendly to me."

But it was not so easy for Albert, in Italy. He forced himself "into the vortex of society." He "danced, dined, supped, paid compliments" and urged his friend Lowenstein to admire his "strength of character" in that he never excused himself and never returned home till five in the morning. "I have fairly drained the Carnival cup to the dregs," he added. But it was not easy for him. When he walked away from the Carnival, alone, he "became at once gay and animated. 'Now I can breathe, now I am happy!'" he said to Lieutenant Seymour, the young Englishman who had been chosen to go with him.

His introspection carried him to the Church of the Badia and there, alone, he played the organ, the music penetrating "the solemn stillness of the Church and cloisters."

Albert came to England and Victoria's doubts disappeared. She found "Albert's *beauty* is *most striking*, and he so amiable and unaffected—in short, *very fascinating*: he is *excessively* admired here."

On October 15 she wrote to her uncle: "My mind is quite made up—and I told Albert this morning of it."

In coming to England, Prince Albert broke the happiest association of his early life. He had been with his brother Ernst from the beginning, but now their childhood was over, and during the months before he came to England, the moment of their separation was for ever before him "in its saddest form."

The story of the Prince's life in England has been told in official form, but the personal letters he wrote to his brother are printed here for the first time. Ernst came to England for the marriage ceremony, so that there are no letters until May of 1840, when Prince Albert was already married and living at Buckingham Palace. He had just appeared, for the

\* The first of a series of four articles, based on hitherto unpublished letters preserved in the archives in Coburg. These letters were written by Prince Albert to his brother, later Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg. The writer thanks the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha for permitting him to read and quote from the letters. [Copyright reserved in all countries.]

first time, in the political world. "As President of the Society for the abolition of slavery and slave trade and the civilization of Africa, I was obliged to open the first large meeting in Exeter Hall, with a long address. I had prepared it, together with Anson and Stockmar, and then learned it by heart. . . . Tell Ferdinand [a Prince of Coburg married to the Queen of Portugal], to whom I shall write by next mail, he is not to imagine we are against Portugal. We are but religious and humane people, who wish to plant Christendom in Africa, but we do not intend to use weapons."

On June 12 he wrote:

The day before yesterday, Wednesday, we drove as usual at 6 o'clock in our small carriage, with 4 horses and 2 postilions. I sat to the right, Victoria to the left. We had hardly got 150 paces from Buckingham Palace, between the wall of Buckingham Palace, and Green Park, when I saw a small, disagreeable looking man, leaning against the railing of Green Park, only six paces from us, holding something towards us. Before I could see what it was, a shot cracked and so dreadfully loud that we were both quite stunned. Victoria, who had been looking to the left, towards a rider, did not know the cause of the noise. My first thought was that in her present state the fright might harm her. I put both arms around her and asked her how she felt, but she only laughed. Then I looked around to look at the man (the horses were frightened and the carriage stopped). The man stood there in a theatrical position, a pistol in each hand. It seemed ridiculous. Suddenly he stooped, put a pistol on his arm, aimed at us and fired; the bullet must have gone over our heads, judging by the hole where it hit the garden wall. Now the many lookers-on came forward. They had been almost petrified before, and cried: "Kill him, kill him." I called out to the postilion to drive on. We went to see our aunt and then we drove through the parks, where we were most enthusiastically greeted by the people. All the rest you will find in the newspapers. I only wanted to give you a description of the moment, that you may know how all happened.

(To be continued)

## WOMEN WORKERS IN 1930

### II.—THE CONTROVERSY ON DIFFERENTIAL SEX LEGISLATION

BY VERA BRITAIN

THE willingness of women to accept inferior conditions has often been alleged as an important reason for the continuance of so-called protective legislation for women in industry.

Within recent years the arguments on this subject have boiled up into a bitter controversy between women trade unionists who assert that the opposition to differential sex-regulation is simply an outlet for the energies of middle-class women representing the interests of employers, and feminist organizations which regard the women opposing them as the mere cat's-paws of male officials hostile to equal opportunities for men and women.

This controversy has even come to involve—I think unfortunately—the quite dissimilar social problem of the rights, duties and physical needs of maternity, about which the leaders on both sides are apt at times to become wildly dogmatic. Since motherhood is most fitly considered, not as a handicap imposed but as a service rendered, and has been increasingly so regarded since the attainment of citizenship by women transformed their status, it would be more appropriately removed, like military service for men, outside the sphere of economic competition between the sexes.

The whole future of industrial women depends upon the discovery of a satisfactory solution for this problem of special sex protection, which was foreshadowed as long ago as the middle of last century, when, thanks to the reformist activities of Lord

Shaftesbury, a few humanitarian regulations began to mitigate the then intolerable working conditions of children and later of women. Whether restrictions essential to the well-being of the unorganized, sweated and despised non-citizens of the eighteen-forties are still in the interests of the very differently situated modern employee, with her political rights and improved education, is a question intimately bound up both with the position of women as a whole and with the potential attainment of equal pay for equal work. Its investigation is urgent by an impartial group, equally independent of capitalist influence and trade union tradition.

The critics of differential sex-regulations do not, of course, oppose the extension of protective legislation to industrial workers in general. They sympathize entirely with the movement initiated by trade unionists over a century ago to obtain better working conditions throughout industry by means of regulations imposed upon the nature of the work. But when this sound principle is forsaken for that of special restrictions imposed upon the sex of the worker, and involving for women the limitation of hours, the monopolization by men of the best-paid processes in various industries, and the prohibition of night work (by, for instance, the I.L.O. Nightwork Convention, of which the suggested revision is to appear on the agenda of the I.L.O. Conference next May by request of the British, Belgian and Swedish Governments), the opponents of such legislation maintain that it does not in fact protect women, but instead limits their field of work, herds them into a few poorly remunerated occupations, and segregates them permanently at the bottom of the wage-market.

This view is emphatically repudiated by the Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organizations, which claims, despite the middle-class origin and education of its most articulate members, that it represents the organized opinion of working-class women—though the majority of these are still unaware of the very existence of the controversy. The members of this Committee are apt, in their speeches, publications and letters to the Press, to maintain, somewhat arbitrarily, that differential sex legislation has no bearing on the lower rates paid to women, that it does not restrict women's field of employment, and that it is concerned not so much with the worker's sex as with his or her immediate needs. They further point out that industrial women, unlike professional women, are members of groups, and cannot expect such individual treatment as the foundation of factory regulations upon medical tests and the careful selection of the person for the job.

These arguments, plausible as they are, appear to disregard several important considerations. In the first place, the best protection afforded the worker in any profession or industry arises from the possession of a personal status which is felt to be respectable, and which is undoubtedly lowered by restrictive regulations imposed from without and by continual classification with non-adults—as in the "women and young person" clauses so dear to the sponsors of Factory Bills. Equal status, moreover, is the first condition of equal pay for equal work, which, wherever and whenever it has been achieved, has proved the woman employee's most effective weapon against the poverty, depression, over-work, and under-feeding which so often render her an inferior worker, whatever her powers may be.

Poor pay, which not only involves ill-health, but is also a known cause of prostitution, inevitably results from the limitation of employment and the reduction of a woman's value as a worker by the sex-regulation of hours and conditions. The advocates of differential sex-legislation appear already to have forgotten the evidence of wartime, during which so many women were employed in "unsuitable" occupations. The marked improvement in both their own health and their children's showed conclusively



that heavy processes, long hours and night work are seldom, if ever, damaging when associated with high wages, good food and the certainty of employment.

A further fact regarding which the supporters of "protection" are usually silent is the difference in the machinery whereby restrictions are imposed on the work of men and of women. A survey of 155 skilled industries, made by the 1926 Committee on Industry and Trade, and given in Table 10 of their Survey of Industrial Relations, reveals the fact that most male employees in this country have already obtained the 48 hours week by means of fluid agreements, and that in 67 industries the men are actually working less than 48 hours. The Labour Year Book of 1928 further shows that, by agreement with employers, adult males since 1919 have had the advantage of a 44, 47, or 48 hours week in 90 per cent. of our organized industries.

The conditions of employed women are still largely determined by these male organizations, which use their power over the woman worker for their own advantage rather than for hers, and demand that reasonable hours and tolerable conditions shall be obtained by one kind of machinery—the law—for women, and by another and more advantageous kind—fluid agreements—for men. The degree to which even organized women are still dominated by their male co-workers appears very clearly in the delegations to the Trade Union Congress. In 1928, for instance, out of the 619 delegates (representing 3,455,180 men and 419,662 women) only 17 were women, and the textile groups, in which women predominate, sent 61 male delegates and only two female.

The final objection—that factory regulations cannot be based upon the medical examination of the worker—appears almost ludicrous in the light, once again, of wartime experience. Compared with the huge and detailed organization by means of which medical tests determined, not only a man's admission to the immense civilian armies of the time, but the class in which he was placed and the type of work allocated to him, selection of the person for the job on a basis not of sex but of fitness to perform it would be an insignificant proposition in even the largest factory. To discover the most economical means by which the machinery for making such tests could be established would probably be one of the first objects of any research body appointed to investigate this complex problem of industrial protection.

## YOUNG AFRICA AND THE CINEMA

By J. S. HUXLEY

ON my recent visit to East Africa, the Empire Marketing Board, interested to know more about the value of the cinema for educational and propaganda purposes, had provided for me three educational films to show to native audiences, especially school children. The reactions of young Africans, most of whom have never seen a film before in their lives, were so interesting and entertaining that I have been impelled to set down some account of them here.

The three films with which I travelled had been deliberately chosen to represent three levels of difficulty of comprehension by the natives. The first was entitled 'Cotton Growing in Nigeria.' This represented people like themselves, engaged in familiar occupations. The second, 'Fathoms Deep Beneath the Sea,' was a picture of marine animals taken at the Plymouth Aquarium. It was straightforward and comprehensible in that it dealt with the ordinary activities of animal life, but difficult, inasmuch as many of the animals shown were of types quite different from anything

familiar to a landsman (sea-anemone, octopus, etc.). The third was the well-known film 'The Life of a Plant,' which represents the life-cycle of a nasturtium speeded up several thousand times. In this, not only were many unfamiliar details of botanical structure and process introduced (anthers, pollination, etc.), but technical devices were employed to produce wholly unfamiliar kinds of results. For one thing, microscopic pictures were used to show structures far below naked-eye vision; and, still more radical, the speeding-up device introduced a tempo, whose meaning could only be appreciated by an intelligent and novel use of the imagination.

The Government School at Old Moshi in Tanganyika was one of the few places where the proximity of schoolboys and a cinema enabled me to show my films. In the morning I gave a short talk to the boys on the speeded-up films. As the only cinema was at New Moshi, down in the plain, the boys were paraded at six o'clock, and marched down the five miles to town to the music of the school band. All except a few, however, had lorries to take them home again. I arranged with the headmaster to have the boys write essays on what they had seen, and the samples which were sent on to me I shall always cherish. The spirit was willing, but the English was weak; and the impressions of the march were clearly as vivid as those of the cinema. I cannot forbear from giving some extracts:

Here is Stanislaus (an odd name for an African) on the fertilization of flowers:

And then how flowers can bear. First of all the bee take a little medicine in a masculine flower on his feet and put in a woman flower and it can bear the seeds.

Another boy (Standard V) on the same subject:

One of it were showed the flowers from the beginning up the top and how the flowers married.

Here is an extract from Maruma's essay:

But the one which was suitable to me, was the picture of how the people of Nigeria grow cotton.

We found that the people of Nigeria are now civilized as I saw the women picking the cotton from the pods and put in the sacks, and how they gin it by machines called gins. Also how they tie in bales, and how they are clothing. All these were shown to us. And we were pleased with them.

After we had been shown the above mentioned, we were stated that nobody is allowed to go in disorder; therefore then Sergeant redressed the boys and return us back to Old Moshi. But as we were a good number of boys, we hesitated the town's people as we had drums and fluits.

We ourselves passed without any hesitation.

I like the conscious pride of the last sentence.

And here is Mghoja's effort:

On the 13th September there came Professor from England who had a cinema show to us. Therefore we have started in our ground match with drums and music. At five o'clock all the headmasters, teachers and even cooks were followed behind of us, on account of good singings, good drums and very nice clothes of boys were washed well. Then many motor cars, round us about. So we reached house cinema. There we have been given good chairs to sit on. But the first picture is about plants and flowers. Ah! I wonder for these wise English people they can draw a picture plants, how it grows, how we plant, how we can get good flowers, and how the bees go into flowers to take something from flower to flower. I was pleased indeed when I saw those bees do so. It is wonderful. Second thing about the water on the ocean how getting rain and all the kinds of fishes. Therefore I saw one fish about eight feet [i.e., Octopus, J. S. H.] Ah! I wonder of it.

This it gives me much please to give many thank to these wise English people for their good knowledge.

And, finally, the very flattering conclusion of another boy:

We praise this Professor that God gives him another cinema and come to Africa to show us again and we beg to God that go reaching him up to England and he will come to Africa again.

These extracts must not be judged at their face value. Most of the boys have only done English for a year or so, and were not at all at home in the language. The headmaster wrote to me that he was quite surprised at the interest and comprehension many of the boys showed; and felt, as I did, that the cinema could be a most important instrument for awaking the young African mind.

In Kampala, commercial capital of Uganda, I again showed the three films. But this time the show was in a large well-built cinema instead of a tin shed, and invitations had been sent out to all kinds of educational institutions. The floor of the hall grew packed; space had to be found in the gallery which was to have been reserved for Europeans; and, even so, a number had to be turned away. Of these, several hundred boys and girls, certainly three-quarters, and probably more, had never seen a film before.

I started with the simplest film, of the Nigerian cotton industry. At first the audience was obviously puzzled. After a minute or so, however, they adapted themselves to the new medium and then the fun began. Each new incident—the entry of a group of natives, the passage of a string of pack-camels, the process of weaving or dyeing—was greeted with applause. And when the film showed anybody doing a good job of work, the applause rose to fever pitch, stamping of feet, roars of laughter and shouted comments being added to mere hand-clapping. As for the furor which greeted a sort of mannequin parade of Nigerian girls in really lovely cotton dresses, it was fanatical. The mixture of interest, excitement and naïve, high-spirited enjoyment was irresistible. I lay back in my chair and laughed to exhaustion.

Here, too, I asked for essays from my auditors, and comments from their teachers. Without exception, the latter said that the films had made a very great impression and aroused much new interest in geography and natural history. And many of the essays showed a very thorough comprehension as well as a remarkable command of the English language.

Here is the essay of A. B. K. Muchira, from Makerere College:

By 7.0 p.m. of the 25th 10. 29, the theatre hall was compact mass with the school boys and school girls of the various schools in the country. Electric lamps were flashed and the bell was rung to warn the chatting people that the speech was at hand. At that very moment Mr. Huxley, the Professor of biology appeared at the platform and started to give a short speech about what he was going to do, and it was translated into Luganda by Mr. Kironde owing to the fact that quite numbers of girls and boys who were unable to hear what he talked. When this had just been finished an electric beam threw a picture on the south-west wall of the hall which was of the busy Nigerians picking up cotton.

The preceding film showed us the zeal of the Nigerians at picking up cotton and at a short interval we saw groups of Donkeys, Mules and Camels taking the cotton barrels to the cotton markets where weighing and buying take place. The remarkable thing I noticed to the Nigerians is strength because I saw how quickly and strongly they load and off loading the weighing balance.

From the cotton buying centres cotton is taken to the cotton ginneries where seeds are separated from lint and soft cotton is packed into big barrels weighing 400 lbs.

After this has been done soft cotton is taken to the railway stations by means of Lorries or Carriages which take it to the harbour and then another arrangement of transporting is arranged by means of ships to Europe.

Besides this cotton which is taken to the cotton markets. Native reserve for themselves a certain amount of cotton which they gin by means of their native costume of ginning and women spin from it hundreds and hundreds of yards of threads from which beautiful chintzes are made. The last film showed us how the native women dress in these stripped clothes. The Nigerian women are more like the Nubian women in dressing and they differ from the Baganda women in dressing.

The second subject was more complicated than the former to those who never learn at all Botany of the Plant physiology. The first film showed us how a seed germin-

ates and how the top part afterwards becomes a stem, goes out pointing upwards.

How the radicle goes into the ground when the ground is soft and how it dies when it meets the rock or stone. When the radicle gets big it separates itself into many other branches. From these branches grow very fine hair roots which absorb water and fertile the plant. The top part also separates itself in many branches and on these branches grow leaves which take in the plant oxygen and take out from the plant Carbon Dioxide.

The last subject was the most complicated subject of the lot. This subject showed us the objects which live under water. I did not know before that moment that there are many objects under water until it came to my notice that under the deepless oceans, many living things are seen.

With my surprise I began to question myself how they take pictures of the under water objects. Turning from my surprise from the living objects which jumped like monkeys in the branches I saw how under water plants grow and how they eat the very minute substances. I offered my thanks to the photographers who took great trouble to take these pictures.

I humbly offer my best thanks to our kindly visitor who gave us his expensive time and let us see these wonderful things. My best thanks do not miss the Honourable the Director of Education in Uganda and Staff who permitted us to be present at the speech and who hired the Theatre hall for us. This day will take a long time in the hearts of the Uganda children.

Then an extract from S. N. Lameka, aged 20, training for a medical assistant at Mengo Central School:

I was very delightful [sic] when I first saw the rolling waves and then down the bottom of the sea. I was very surprised about the breathing of the human-looking Cephalopoda—the octopus. The invisible Protozoa were almost visible. . . .

And finally the sprightly conclusion from a Budo boy's composition:

Before leaving the Hall Mr. Morris the Director of Education said "It is the time now for the Educational Department in Uganda to have a cinematograph for the schools of Uganda, as it is one of the most leading feats before the civilized countries, but not the sticky [Stick-up. J. S. H.] collars us most young men use in Kampala."

I do not think Mr. Morris used quite these words; but you can deduce what he did say; and it was quite apposite.

## THE LEIGHTON CENTENARY

BY ADRIAN BURY

IT is part of my amusement to drop bricks in the studios of the moderns. If you want to enjoy yourself just say, very quietly, during a lull in the unintelligible gabble about Picasso, Matisse, Derain and Lurçat, that Leighton could draw and paint. In case of accidents it is as well to be in training, for there is no knowing to what lengths some of the excitable iconoclasts will go in support of the younger gods.

Frederick Leighton was born on the third of December, 1830. His centenary was celebrated this week by the opening of an exhibition of his works at his house in Holland Park. The occasion is an excuse to review his position in art.

If we consider what has happened to the world since Leighton died in 1896, it helps us to account for the eclipse of one of the most successful artists of the Victorian era. Not that he was a man who expressed his period. His mind was nourished upon old Greek and Italian ideals, but he resuscitated them at a moment when Industrial England was in need of beauty, however remote and recondite. For this reason his pictures at the Royal Academy found crowds of admirers not only among brother-artists but the public as well, and when photographic reproduction became popular and cheap it was a picture such as 'The Bath of Psyche' which had an honoured place in many homes.



Since then the Great War has intervened, motor-cars, wireless, the cinema and a hundred other things have destroyed whatever power of contemplation the public once possessed. A tidal wave of realism, the inevitable aftermath of the war and science combined, has submerged all dreamers and idealists and Leighton has been drowned with them.

To enjoy Leighton's work one must be something of a poet. I do not infer that all Victorians who hung up a facsimile of 'Wedded' were poets, but I do think that they possessed far more than the present generation the faculty of dreaming and idealizing. There were standards, as late as 1895, of beauty and morality and good manners. Religion and scholarship could count on the reverence of the majority. Freud had not been heard of. Socialism was an East End rabble, with a few rich amateurs behind it. Mr. Huxley had not written 'Count Pointer Count.' The revolution in sex which, in an inspired moment, somebody has called the Silent Revolution, had not taken place. Men still thought women were worth worshipping, and women still regarded men not as competitors in sin and in the labour market, but protectors and possible husbands who would remain more or less static when installed in the home.

This is not to say that the Victorian era was the perfect time in which to live. In material ways we have improved upon the days of our fathers, but spiritually we have lost ourselves. The present age is great only in scepticism and mobility. Nobody believes anything, everybody is moving about, and that is the reason why the heroic dreams of Leighton only raise an ironic smile on the intellectual face of the modern world.

To believe in 'Psyche,' 'Persephone,' 'The Daphnephoria' and 'Wedded,' we must fail to believe in the heroine of fiction who parades her inglorious lust before a multitude avid only for physical sensation. Although we know that women are not divine, we must allow our imagination to think and perhaps to hope that they are. We must be in love with them as Cupid was when he rescued Psyche and took her to live with him in his secret golden palace. This is a helpful approach to the artistic ideals of Frederick Leighton. For this artist, in spite of a cold and scientific technique, was an epic poet, and whatever the pictorial result of his inspiration he thought always in the grand manner. He painted as Shakespeare, Shelley and Keats might have painted had they been able to interpret their dreams in another medium. He had a mind and sense of beauty of equal calibre and nothing that he touched was ever common or mean. Leighton in fact was the first important English painter to do what Sir Joshua Reynolds advised others to do but did not do himself. He took the great themes of life, poetry and drama and turned them into austere form and colour.

When Leighton was a young man, the academic powers were Landseer and Eastlake. They were competent painters but not dreamers, and it was perhaps destined that Leighton was to escape the influence of his English contemporaries by beginning life on the Continent. His mother, for the sake of her health, was a traveller and Leighton therefore knew more about Florence, Rome and Paris than fell to the lot of the average youthful Englishman in the 'forties of last century.

He had also the advantage of learning to draw early from the best European masters, but, more important still, he caught the spirit of Florence at a time when he was most impressionable. He looked with precocious intelligence at the great decorators, and it was not long before his musings bore fruit in the picture called 'Camabue's Madonna Carried in Procession Through Florence.' For a man of twenty-five this was a startling piece of work which found a friend in Ruskin and a patroness in the Queen. Although it necessarily shows an immaturity of painting technique, it is a masterly design and proves that

this young man had learnt nearly all there was to know about the drawing of the figure. His procession is full of a strange, confident grace and the thirteenth-century Florentines are moving not only with the Madonna but like heralds of the great Renaissance that was to flood Europe with new light.

The merit of the picture is in the care with which the individual figures are drawn and their harmonious groupings, but such perfection is only gained by devoted study. Leighton could spend a week on drawing in pencil a lemon tree. Such labour does not appeal to many moderns, who regard nature as a nuisance and the minute interpretation thereof as something unworthy of genius.

The Cimabue 'Madonna' crystallized Leighton's lyrical attitude towards life, and the rest of his career was but the development of a noble mind and impeccable hand. His method of painting was not unlike that of the old masters. He made elaborate figure studies in chalk, using the model as a basis for his ideal of beauty. Having considered every detail, having assembled all his sketches, he proceeded to create, and from the moment that he touched the canvas the whole work, however large, proceeded piece by piece to consummation. He never changed a design or faltered about it once it was fixed in his imagination and supported by the facts of his preliminary sketches. And this is one of the powerful qualities of his work. We do not feel that it can be improved upon, because it is faultless technically. I wonder how many artists living to-day could draw and paint the figures in his picture 'The Dead Rising from the Sea' with such anatomical accuracy and dramatic feeling. The moderns have other gifts, other perceptions, but to despise such knowledge, such skill of execution as Leighton shows in this work is to reveal oneself deficient in understanding and contemptible in spirit.

Nor must we forget that Leighton could be, if he chose, a great portrait painter. I regard the study of Richard Burton in the National Portrait Gallery as one of the finest ever painted by an Englishman. It is a magnificent piece of characterization, solidly constructed, a fragment of realism which is the very image of life itself. It might, without hesitation, be included among the great portraits of the world. In sculpture he was a good craftsman and his bronzes have won the respect of more than one immortal sculptor.

The tendency of the post-war generation is to condemn the work of the Victorians. The philosophical critic, however, cannot admit so simple an attitude. Leighton is out of fashion but fashion is always fickle, and this man who was leader in art for more than thirty years cannot be dismissed because his style is inconsistent with modern taste.

It would be absurd to imitate his work. It is absurd to imitate any artist, even Leonardo, Michelangelo or Van Gogh, but they should all be approached with sympathy, and whatever they have achieved of beauty or sincerity must remain for the pleasure and instruction of posterity.

## BLESSING THE HOUSE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

SAINTE-URSULE is not superstitious; it is not even religious; yet it keeps up the old customs. It hardly believes in their efficacy; it performs them laughingly; it makes no secret of its scepticism. Yet, however empty these ancient ceremonies have now become they are never neglected; and a curse is laid upon that house which refuses to be blessed.

Holy water is not abundant in the village. Normally it is not in demand. I have entered the church to find on several occasions the *bénitier*—the font which should contain holy water—coated with dust. Nobody

complained; it was apparently nobody's business to fill the font; I am afraid Sainte-Ursule is a godless village, or, what is perhaps more important, a devilless village, where nobody troubles to cross himself with holy water.

Nevertheless, on Palm Sunday, which stands, as it were, on the threshold of the farmers' new year, when everything is preparing to emerge from its winter torpor, it is incumbent on us to seek a blessing. To the church we repair with sprigs of boxwood. Most of us have boxwood in our gardens. Those of us who have not can beg a bunch from our neighbour. There is, indeed, at the church door a seller of boxwood, though he has few customers in a countryside where boxwood is plentiful.

Whether we have grown or begged or bought our boxwood we take it to be blessed on this momentous day. Rarely is the church so crowded. The *curé* has his supply of holy water which he sprinkles, with appropriate utterance, on the sprigs which are brought to him. Those sprigs are arranged on the wall of the bedroom, above the bed, at the foot of the crucifix. Sometimes they are placed above the portraits of those members of the family who have passed on. There until next year they will remain. They are withered and covered with dust, but they must not be touched. Certainly in my village this is mere formalism; it resembles the hanging of mistletoe in English homes, a pre-Christian custom that has lost its vital significance. Nobody thinks any more of the sprig of boxwood than of the bunch of mistletoe; but, whereas the mistletoe, when it is withered and dusty, is taken down by an impatient housewife and cast into the fire, the boxwood, withered and dusty, stays until it can be replaced at the next springtide.

On the Thursday of the week preceding Easter Sunday, the bells of the church cease to ring. Without bells one cannot be born or die—at any rate, one cannot be buried. If the child should ask why the Angelus is not rung, his mother will reply: "The bells have gone to Rome to be blessed." And when they, on their return, are rung joyously the mother will explain: "The bells have come back from Rome, where they were blessed." Of the origin of this pretence I have no knowledge. It may be just possible, in these days of swift transportation, for bells to be taken to Rome and returned in a few days by aeroplane; but when the story was first related the only means of transport, in a reasonable space of time, were angelic.

The legend is recalled on picture postcards—which also are a modern invention: on these picture postcards you shall see images of the bells furnished with an angel's head and an angel's wings. In the village shop on the green there are sweetmeats in the form of winged bells. We are to imagine the air thick with flying bells between Thursday and Saturday—bells winging their way to Rome, and bells winging their way back from Rome.

In my village, Easter is a profitable occasion for the *enfants de chœur*—the boys who assist at the offices of the Church. The *curé*, it would seem, gives them permission to make a round of the parish carrying receptacles in which is holy water. The incredulous villagers tell me that, though the boys may start with holy water, they generally use it up before they have gone far, and replenish their receptacles with the water from the stream which runs in nearly every village road. These villagers, it will be seen, are addicted to mockery. They profess no faith in the virtues of holy water, and they do not care whether the choir-boys come with holy water or water from the stream. The Normans are not pious, as are the Bretons. They do not take this blessing of their houses seriously. They joke about it and accept it satirically.

Yet with few exceptions they would be shocked were their houses not blessed. It is the custom which rules the world; and long after customs have lost

their original validity they are continued. Nobody here would abandon them, except the blatant atheists and communists, of whom there are, to my knowledge, three in the village. These three represent the aggressive advance-guard of modern culture. These three openly scorn the old, and would, in their zeal for progress and enlightenment, sweep away the lingering vestiges of meaningless customs. They stand alone, superior persons in the simple community, proclaiming in all seasons their opposition to Rome as the seat of superstition, and to Paris as the fountain-head of capitalism. If they were strong enough they would demolish Rome and its Pope, and they would demolish Paris and its Government. They have no sense of fantasy or of fun.

To tell the truth, I do not think that there are three other persons in the village who can properly be said to counterbalance them. There are not three other persons who are real believers—or, if there are three, there are no more than three who are good Catholics. We will put aside the three atheists (who are likewise ardent politicians of the destructive school) and the three Catholics, leaving them to cancel each other out. We will concern ourselves only with the ordinary villagers, who are neither for nor against the Church, and who believe only to the extent of not actively disbelieving, and who disbelieve only to the extent of not actively believing. They do not decline to have their houses blessed, but they merely consent to have their houses blessed if they are allowed to smile.

The boys, little ragamuffins of the village, come solemnly enough to my house with the holy water that has been entrusted to them, and, presumably acting by proxy, they sprinkle my habitation. Quaint little creatures in their monkeyish gestures—parodies of priests. I welcome them, as is the custom, and load them with presents. There is money to be divided; there are apples from the *fruitier*; and there are, above all, chocolate eggs and hard-boiled red-dyed eggs. For eggs, too, are a symbol of new life, and are thus peculiarly appropriate as Easter offerings.

Thereupon they sing canticles in my courtyard. If I required them to do so they would doubtless bless my motor-car, as they would bless the horses and cows of the villagers; they would bless my apple trees and they would bless my rose bushes. There is no limit to the things that may be blessed when once we start on this process of blessing.

I take it as the villagers take it; I am not harmed by all this blessing. It is a strange survival of ancient custom which scarcely pretends to have the smallest good or evil in it. I know one old woman who gravely uses holy water against the lightning, of which she is terribly afraid; but most of us, whether we are nominally Catholic or not, are amused at these ceremonies; and I imagine that even the priest who countenances this mummery does not consider it to be of any consequence—for if he did he would surely find it blasphemous.

The boys depart, content with their spoils, and they proceed to other houses, even to the abode of the atheist who, to demonstrate his rationalism, fires at every cat that ventures to walk along his wall. The atheist, of course, will frown, but he will not dare to take his carbine against the choir-boys, and they are, therefore, safe. Instead he takes a stout cudgel to drive them off. But the boys are livelier than the atheist. They escape in high glee; and, standing in the lane, they sing a canticle which runs something like this:

May curses fall upon your house!  
May your sheep rot!  
May a murrain take your cattle!  
May a blight fall upon your trees!  
May your hens refuse to lay!

And so on. It is a humorous interlude in the business of blessing that is not unworthy of the Middle Ages when blessings and curses meant so much.



## THE SHILLING

BY HUGH BROADBRIDGE

*(This story has been awarded the First Prize in the Short Story Competition.)*

WILLIAM ROBINSON had become an object of sympathy to the entire office. Poor old chap, since his wife died a year or two ago, he seemed to have gone all to pieces. He drank just a little too much and ate far too little. His clothes were clamouring for replacement, his moustache for a trim and his spectacles for new ear-pieces. They drooped on his thin nose. One eye looked over them and one under if he gazed straight before him.

"Why the devil do we keep old Robinson on?" the senior partner asked his junior at least once a month. "He's not the slightest use to us."

"Because he used to be a jolly good man and now we're all sorry for him. You know that's the reason." The junior partner was not usually sympathetic to what he termed "dead-beats," but there was something about William Robinson that made the heart ache.

It was not just that he was, at the early age of fifty-five, a man who was finished. That, added to his bedraggled appearance, would rather have frustrated sympathy. No, the reason that William Robinson claimed the pity of those who had to put up with his mistakes and omissions lay in his face. It was thin, with hollows in the pale cheeks. It was lined and badly shaved round the chin. But it possessed two haunting eyes of the palest, weakest blue. Those eyes showed the appalling calamity which had befallen William Robinson when his wife died. They showed him for a husband who had been mothered and governed by his wife and now, in his later years, was drifting helplessly, deprived of the one inspiration to steady work and the one sensible and loving heart which had ever entered his life.

Now it was evening. Soon, the office would close and William Robinson would creep to the room in a Bloomsbury lodging-house which he had miserably inhabited since his wife had been taken from him. In his trousers pocket he fingered again and again the solitary shilling he possessed.

Never before had he attained only to the middle of the month and been down to his last shilling. He had always managed somehow to scrape through till the day when the cashier magically produced an envelope containing new wealth. And in the happy days when Emily was with him, when he used to give her all his money every month, he had always seemed to have enough. Now it was different, horribly so. He had one shilling in the world and there were fourteen days to go.

All day he had brooded over the position, drawing weird lines on his blotting-paper when he should have been busy at the ledgers. And it was during the somnolent hour which every office experiences after lunch that he had decided how to spend his shilling and how to arrange for the days ahead.

It was his own fault, he knew. He should have had quite a lot of money. But, somehow, forgetfulness was an expensive state to procure. Perhaps it was his habit of dreaming about his wife while he drank. Those pleasant images of Emily, conjured up while he sat in a cosy bar-parlour, delayed the arrival of somnolence and intoxication. They meant that he bought double the number of drinks he needed.

Still, it was nice to think of Emily like that. He could see her so clearly in the hazy air of the public-house. She smiled at him as if to make clear to him that he was doing right to keep her in his mind. But she never did more than that. Sometimes, very soon after her death, she had seemed to try to tell him to go on living as he had done before. William Robin-

son had tried to obey that instruction, but, in the absence of any spoken confirmation, in the face of the tragic, brick-wall emptiness of his life, he had not succeeded. Emily's face gradually faded until it was just a smiling thing which he knew he loved and for which he longed, but which conveyed to him no means of refashioning his ways.

Smiling to himself, he clutched his shilling and stared unseeingly at the untouched columns of figures before him. A hand tapped on his shoulder.

"It's five-thirty, Mr. Robinson," a voice said. It was one of the typists.

William Robinson realized that nearly everybody had gone. The office day was finished. Still staring before him, he nodded; still with the vague smile on his tired face, he ambled to a peg and took down his threadbare overcoat and dusty bowler. Forgetting to say "Good-night," he walked out, shoulders bent, shuffling.

"What's the matter with the old chap to-night?" A very young clerk put this question to the girl who had reminded Mr. Robinson about the time.

"Why?" she asked. "He looked just the same as usual to me."

"Well, he looked almost as though he was happy. That is, as near happy as a poor old devil like him can look."

The typist shook her head slowly.

"How can he be happy?" she asked. And neither of them could find an answer.

Meanwhile, William Robinson had reached the street. Though he did not work at a great distance from his lodgings, he usually took a bus as far as a certain public-house. To-night, however, he was going to walk. The precious shilling must not be squandered on a bus fare. He shuffled along the pavement, one hand in his pocket, clutching the coin tightly.

Presently, he came to a shop window that was brightly illuminated. Boxes of sweets and cakes were attractively piled there. A tempting smell came from a grating in the pavement in front. William Robinson stopped. This was a tea-shop at which he had often had quick and insufficient lunches. It made him realize that he was hungry. He sniffed at the lovely smell, analysed it as representing eggs and toast and coffee and tea and a dozen other delicious things. But how could he go in and eat? He had only a shilling and he could not spend that.

It was a real effort for William Robinson to drag himself away from the tea-shop. But he did so, though his pale eyes, under and over their spectacles, peered back once as he moved along.

There was a greater temptation to come. Soon after, he struck away from the wide street into a narrow alley. Here was the public-house which owned a snug, oak-panelled parlour. He had often sat there, conjuring up visions of Emily's face in the haze of tobacco smoke, while he sipped at several whiskies.

Now it was no attractive smell that bade him turn aside and enter. Rather was it more of the instinct of the horse which takes a sleeping driver home. This place had been his halfway stop for some nights. It had become a habit to walk in at the door and sit down in the warm corner which was always so welcomingly unoccupied. Even now, in spite of his resisting will, his feet were trying to take him there.

But for the fact that his fingers closed a little tighter on the shilling, he might have given way. The milled edge bit into his spare flesh in time and reminded him that he had no money for drinks. He was hungry and must remain unsatisfied for a while. He was thirsty, too, but that also was something about which he could do nothing.

For a moment he was sad, thinking of all the warm cheerfulness within. It would have been so nice. Perhaps, even, Emily might have come and given him that motherly kiss which was the thing he had missed

more than anything. But then his strange elation welled up and he walked away. This time he did not look back.

The hunger and thirst temptations occurred again before he came to the beginning of the street in which he lodged. But he put them aside more easily this time and increased his pace. Then, suddenly, it started to rain. He stopped and took his hand out of his pocket to help the other raise his coat collar. When that was done, he shambled on his way, and the ring of his shilling as it fell to the pavement conveyed nothing to his dreaming senses.

A girl passed him, going in the opposite direction. She saw the bright coin blink in the lamplight and heard it tinkle as it rolled into the wet gutter. Stooping, she fished it out. A shilling! That would mean she could have something to eat without having to tramp the streets and leer for it. She turned it over in her hand, then cast a look back at William Robinson. Her heart still retained a little of that natural kindness which the world had done its best to remove. The poor old man looked as bad as she did! Perhaps it was his last "bob." Before she could change her mind she ran after William Robinson.

"You dropped this, guv'nor," she said, and, turning, almost ran away. The wet pavement chilled her feet and reminded her of her own misery. But there was a tiny glow inside her that she had not had the chance to know for years.

And, as for William Robinson, he stared at the shilling, then shot a hand into his pocket. Yes, there was a hole there. The strange elation in his weary eyes waned for a moment as he realized what he might have lost. He had not thanked the girl. Perhaps it was not too late even now. But it was. The girl had turned the corner.

He tied the shilling in the corner of his dirty handkerchief and stuffed it into his breast-pocket. Now it was safe. Once more he progressed along the street.

In a few minutes he came to the door of his lodging-house. His trembling hands took some time to insert the key, but at length it was done. His elation was stronger as he climbed the dark stairs. His room was at the top of the house, a dull apartment opening from a cold landing.

Entering, he lighted a candle on the mantelpiece. Then he removed his coat and the dusty bowler, now muddy with the rain. He sat down in a hard armchair for a while and put his feet on the fender near the cold, unlighted gas-fire. Dreaming, he sat there for a long while, and all the time his elation grew. Once he smiled, for he had seen Emily's face without the aid of whisky and tobacco smoke. She seemed particularly near and vivid.

When the image had dimmed, he rose to his feet and turned back the clothes on the uncomfortable bed in the corner. A pair of rough flannel pyjamas lay inside, warm and attractive to him in his wet and tired state. He laid them out, smoothing their wiry folds affectionately. Then he began to undress. It was not yet seven o'clock, but the evening hours out of bed had no appeal for him.

On this night, his habits experienced a change. For months he had flung off his clothing in a muddled heap and fallen into bed, there to relapse swiftly into an insensibility that lasted till morning. But now he found himself folding his worn-out suit and placing it on a chair. His awful underclothing was similarly honoured. It took a long time, but the funny, distant smile never left his face. Then he put on his flannel pyjamas, revelling in their warm, rasping touch.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and peered around the room. Nothing remained to be done now. It gave him a great satisfaction to look at his neatly folded clothes. Too bad that the decanter on the mantelpiece, sole relic of his old home, was empty. But it had been empty for years. What was the use of regretting it? Besides, as a compensation, was not

Emily's presence almost felt in the room? She appeared to approve his new carefulness and tidy ways, smiling at him from wherever his gaze found a resting place.

William Robinson dragged the bed away from the wall, putting it nearer to the cheerless, unlit gas-fire. Everything was ready. He shuffled once more around the room, seeing Emily's face clearer every minute against the badly lit walls. The window was tightly shut and so was the door. He raised the mat over the crack at the bottom. Then, trembling, and with his smile more distinct than ever, he felt in the breast-pocket of his coat. Out came the handkerchief in which was wrapped the precious shilling. His fingers would scarcely obey his mind as he undid the knot, but the job was done at last and the beautiful coin lay gleaming in his palm.

He blew out the candle and got into bed, arranging the clothes warmly about his thin body. When that was done, he reached down, fumbling for the money slot of the gas-fire. Then he turned the gas on, and, without lighting it, sank back in bed. Emily was very near indeed as he lay there.

## ISN'T THIS CATHEDRAL CLOSE?

(With Apologies to Hugh Walpole)

BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

THE cloisters of Bigminster were sultry, the rooks cawed sleepily in the noonday sun and even the insects hummed hymns. Canon Nooze walked in the shadow of the great grey building, mopping his brow with his soutane and nodding absentmindedly as several Deans with their Chapters passed him by, giving him "Good afternoon" in Latin or Sanskrit.

The Canon had a fit of the Blues (he had played quoits for Cambridge) and he was thinking of the days of his youth when he had dreamed over his brekka of having a cosy little cathedral of his own, where vast congregations would sit listening to his sermons. He was not a poor man, but his ten thousand a year brought him little satisfaction; at that moment even his literary efforts seemed dull and meaningless. Who read his book on cassowaries, or his 'Peeps at the Indian Mutiny'? Once they had been his pride, and now? He shrugged his thin shoulders. Who cared?

Doctor Bland, the youngest, handsomest Bishop in the diocese, passed by lilting a Gregorian chant. He stopped and put a hand on the Canon's shoulder. "Well, my vade-mecum," he said, not unkindly, "pondering some new tome?"

"Tomb," the Canon answered.

"When I was a young man I used to envy you your scholarship and your skill at darts," said the Bishop. "Dear me, how time flies. Tempus fugit, as you would say. Are you going to the Dean's dance?"

"No," said the Canon.

"Given up the light fantastic, the Terpsychorian trip? Why, my dear Nooze? As men go to-day you are not old; I have seen you smite a golf ball high into the empyrean. You won't. Well, my old friend, I suppose the study claims you now. How goes the new magnum opus? What is it, ah! a work on the average pace of snails, or is it 'Cobwebs of the Mind'? I forget."

"I have thrown down the pen of my aunt," replied the Canon with a slight French accent, "La plume de ma tante est fin."

The Bishop frowned enviously for a moment.

"An inspiration will come," he said, "perhaps in vino veritas. Take a small glass of claret cup,



and the muse may whisper to you again. Now sequitur, I must go. How the rooks remind me of the Jackdaw of Rheims."

"Jackass," murmured the Canon to the departing figure. He resumed his solitary walk. All at once a thought came to him: if only by his own efforts he could earn what the Bishop would call a tertium quid! And as his own thoughts took flight a shadow fell across his path, and a voice cried: "It's old Bingo, I was told I might find you here."

It was his brother, Nobbie Nooze as he was called by all and sundry; his brother in a gay red and white check suit, gay and smiling as ever in spite of the cloud under which he had left England only to make a fortune in Zanzibar. But there was good in the man and his breezy manner seemed to waft the Equator into the Close. "Come on, Bingo," he was saying, "one of our old nights before I sail for Mozambique. I have a change of clothes at the Keys and you have only to write a note saying you are going to a meeting in London and won't be back until early in the morning, and we'll go to the Stone Cat for a bite and then on to a music hall. Just one of our old nights together."

"You forget . . ."

"Bosh, come on."

It was a wonderful night. The Canon, in vivid plus fours and his old Esthonian tie, was very happy seated in the stalls of the Frivolity watching turn after turn and joining in the choruses. One turn especially attracted him; it was the turn of Billy Bang the comedian, a real old rollicking comedian with a red nose and a happy dress-suit. The audience roared, so did the Canon.

At three o'clock next morning he crept into his rooms, the remains of a big cigar in his mouth, and a beautiful weary feeling such as he had not felt since his gay days at Cambridge. As he blew out his light he said sleepily, "A fig for the Bishop," and fell asleep like a child.

The night after was the concert of the year, and the Canon was down on the programme for a song, "Where'er you go, the roses," etc. His turn came, and behold upon the platform stepped a man with a red nose dressed in a baggy dress-suit. A few chords from the astonished accompanist and the Canon began. At first the audience were shocked, but soon the full force of the joke hit and held them. They, and even the Bishop, found themselves roaring out:

That's your man,  
Twopence on the can,  
And what's 'is blooming motto?  
Every now and then lots of honest men,  
Are Blotto, blotto, blotto.

Never had the hall rung with such strains. Encore after encore was called for, and when, exhausted but happy, the Canon fled away after thundering applause, the audience were at last stilled, the rest of the concert was an anti-climax.

Next day the sun was hot as the Canon paced the cloisters, the rooks cawed overhead, the insects hummed, Deans passed by calling, "Ave atque vale," and other things. The Canon paused in his walk as a choirboy heated by running came up to him with an armful of letters. "These, sir, are invitations from everybody to go everywhere."

So this at last was fame. He bade the boy run away after giving him a pound. The letters were strewn on the ground; the world lay at his feet. The Bishop, neatly gaitered, came by. "Old friend," he said, "that was the best temperance lecture I have ever attended. Excelsior. Multum in parvo. Exit omnes. Well done."

He walked away humming softly, "Blotto, blotto, blotto."

Tears stood in the Canon's eyes, "If only my mother could see me now," he said.

## THE PROOF

BY S. SPROSTON

IT was a winter evening, and the three "commercials," sitting by the fire in the smoking-room of a small country inn, had been talking of ghosts and ghostly manifestations, as men sometimes will in such circumstances.

Being of a practical turn of mind, they all three professed their profound disbelief in supernatural happenings of the kind; and they were about to talk of something else, when a voice from an armchair opposite them broke in with: "So you are all complete sceptics, are you, gentlemen?"

The three men started; they had not realized that anyone had been listening to their conversation, and the speaker, from his appearance, might easily be a person of some authority in the matter of spooks.

Two of the commercials murmured something half-apologetically; the third, a fat man with a fat cigar, answered with a laugh: "Yes, sir, I think you may say that. We are plain men, with our livings to get. Show us a ghost who'll tell us how to make an extra hundred or two a year and we'll believe in him fast enough. Eh, boys?"

"No harm in a healthy scepticism," rejoined the armchair man, smiling. "After all, you have every excuse for it; I don't suppose that one of you ever had any kind of ghostly experience?"

"Not me!" laughed the stout man again. "And not likely to! You don't mean to tell us seriously that you have either, do you?"

"Well," said the other, "yes, I think I could give you the details of an experience that would convince even you. Perhaps you will allow me to fill your glasses first. You will probably need a strongish drink by the time I have finished my story."

"I never refuse a drink, on principle," chuckled the fat man. The other two expressed the same view, and when they had given their orders and their glasses were charged, the armchair man proceeded as follows:

"What I have to tell you gentlemen, happened to a man I know, or, perhaps, I had better say, used to know . . ."

"Ah, the usual thing," interrupted the fat man. "I never heard a first-hand ghost story yet; it's always something some other man's seen or heard. That's one of the reasons why I won't believe in 'em."

"I somehow think you'll believe in this one," smiled the other. "You've all of you got your drinks? Good! Well, this man I am telling you of was, if I may say so without offence, of much the same type as yourselves—totally unimaginative, and only believing in what he saw, and not even that, unless he looked pretty closely. I say, was, because he is quite different now—and with reason."

"About twelve months ago my friend (for I may as well call him that) was engaged upon a technical work, involving very abstruse mathematical calculations; and in order to be quiet took a bed-sitting-room in a country inn, just such a one as this, where he would be able to work without any fear of interruption."

"The room was on the first floor, and, as it happened, had recently been occupied by a former acquaintance of his, an Oxford professor, who had committed suicide there by hanging himself. My friend did not know this at the time, but if he had, it would have made no more difference to him than it would have to any of you practical gentlemen."

"Now this man was normally one of those fortunate people who can always concentrate completely upon whatever they happen to be doing to the entire exclusion of everything else; but he found this anything but the case on the first and, as things turned out, the only occasion he tried to work in this room. It was in the evening when he settled

down to his writing—just about this time, and just about this season of the year, by the by—and, to his exasperated astonishment, found himself altogether unable to concentrate his thoughts at all upon what he wanted to do. He felt restless and uneasy and he was naturally extremely irritated with himself, as you would have been with yourselves, gentlemen, if you had hoped to put in a solid night's work and then been put off by a feeling of panic, for which your common sense told you there could be no possible cause.

"Panic: Yes, gentlemen, I use that word advisedly; it was sheer panic that now assailed my hard-headed friend. Of course, he firmly resolved not to give way to it and, like a sensible man, at once did what you will be doing very shortly—took a long pull at a strong mixture and then made another attempt at the work before him.

"With no success, however; an unreasoning terror still pervaded his whole being, rendering him incapable of steady thought. His eyes kept wandering round the room, as if in search of—but what could they be searching for, when he knew himself to be alone in the room, and with the door locked?

"Was he alone, though? He could have sworn he heard someone behind him—even felt someone leaning over his shoulder—and he sprang from his chair and turned swiftly round, but was not as relieved as he ought to have been when he saw no one. Yet he tried to laugh, and his laugh went horribly wrong, terrifying him still more. Nothing is more unpleasant than a laugh that turns into a scream, gentlemen; try it for yourselves, and you'll see.

"After that, his one coherent thought was to get out of this room before what he called his imagination (though as I have told you, he never had any) played more diabolical tricks with him. But the damnable thing was, he could not move. He tried to put one leg forward; it merely trembled, shivered, and stood still. He tried to reach for his drink, but could not stretch out his hand, and you will all admit, gentlemen, that when a man can't take hold of his glass, something must have gone pretty wrong with him.

"Then he did see someone—a man dressed in the ordinary clothes of the day, standing on the opposite side of the table, his face hidden in his hands, as if he was weeping, though no sound came from him. Quite a familiar gesture, you will think, but it increased my friend's panic, adding to it an indescribable horror, while a mad longing came to him to pull the hands away from the intruder's face—though at the same time he was in mortal dread of what then might be revealed to him.

"He had no need to do this, however, for the figure now moved slowly towards him, letting its hands drop and showing a countenance filled with bitter despair—and venomous hatred too, the countenance, as you will no doubt have guessed, of his professor acquaintance, who had hanged himself in that room a month or so before.

"Then suddenly an abominable change came over the ghost—for I can call it nothing else—its face became purple, its eyes swollen; its tongue protruded, and with horrible appearance it swooped forward upon my poor friend, who uttered a shriek and mercifully lost consciousness. And when he recovered from the consequent attack of brain-fever, his hair, formerly jet black, was as white as you see mine is now.

"That is my story, gentlemen, and I can vouch for every detail of it."

"You can, eh?" said the fat man, doubtfully. "Well, that rather gives you away, don't it? Of course, you were that so-called friend of yours—eh?"

"No—I wasn't!" shouted the other, and even as the words fell upon their ears, three goggle-eyed commercials were gazing upon an empty arm-chair.

## THE FILMS FARCE

BY MARK FORREST

*Animal Crackers.* Directed by Victor Heerman. The Carlton.

*A Warm Corner.* Directed by Victor Saville. The New Gallery.

THE difference between farce as constructed in this country and as evolved in America is shown admirably by the programme at the Carlton and at the New Gallery this week. To my mind it is easy to see why the film at the Carlton should run over Christmas and why the one at the New Gallery should not.

English farce has been cast upon the mould of 'A Warm Corner' ever since the first British manufacturer spent a week-end in Paris. It is true that the scene of action has moved with the times and the popular place is now the Lido, but half a minute from the rise of the curtain one knows the plot, and, I think, one is justified by now in being a little tired of it. In 'A Warm Corner' it is Leslie Henson who takes the false name; it is Heather Thatcher for whom he orders champagne and oysters, and it is Connie Ediss who remains at home and suspects her husband's morals. As to whether a particular person laughs or not depends to a large extent upon the spell which Leslie Henson exercises—the spell in my case is beginning to lose its potency. There are several "close-ups" of his face which enable people to see his imitation of a dying goldfish in greater detail, and his performance has not suffered by being transferred from the stage to the screen; any amusement which I received, however, came from the acting of Connie Ediss, who is excellent as the common wife. The direction is in the hands of Mr. Saville, who has been for the most part content to follow the play.

In contrast to this film, 'Animal Crackers' is a fresh and joyous, if slightly vulgar, entertainment which contains good parts for the Four Marx Brothers; to those people who saw 'The Cocoanuts' that is probably all that need be said about the picture. The story is for practical purposes nearly non-existent, but what there is of it enables one or other of the brothers to say or do something idiotic every other minute. The only unfortunate result of this state of affairs is that the laughter arising from one joke is apt to drown the succeeding one. Whether Groucho Marx is being carried in on a litter as the great explorer, or Harpo Marx is stealing whatever he can lay his hands on, or Chico Marx is playing a tune, the exact finish of which eludes him, the result is one guffaw after another.

At the same time the best thing in the picture is a serious interlude, namely a harp solo, played by the brother whose name indicates his proficiency. The notes of the harp are the most difficult things to record perfectly on the screen, and the purity of tone which the sound apparatus now reaches can be gauged by the magnificent recording of this part of the picture. Bearing this in mind, it is all the more incomprehensible to have found, at any rate at the trade show, that the instrument at the Carlton was tuned up to such pitch during the first ten minutes that, whenever the Marx Brothers spoke, one was nearly deafened. This mistake may have been remedied by now, but in view of the perfection to which the sound has now been brought, there is no excuse for unevenness in tone. If the object is to enable the Marx Brothers to be heard through the laughs, it is not attained, because at such a pitch the voices become blurred and the confusion which results is twofold.



## THE THEATRE ANCIENT AND MODERN

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*A Murder Has Been Arranged.* By Emyln Williams. St. James's Theatre.

*The Book of Martin Harvey.* Walker. 10s.

It is frequently remarked that the modern actor does not act; it is usually implied that he cannot. And there is, almost invariably, the further innuendo that "behaving naturally" in a contemporary comedy is very much easier than impersonating a Shakespearean character or enacting the more dramatic type of rôle which Sir Henry Irving popularized in the last century.

With regard to the first of these three allegations, the defence is obvious. The type of acting required by most contemporary plays is exactly that which is supplied by most contemporary actors. You may call it "merely behaving"; you may, if you wish to be cantankerous, deny that it is "acting" at all—provided you add: "Well, not what I mean by acting." But the fact remains that any other sort of acting would be wrong. With regard to the alleged easiness of this contemporary substitute for acting, anybody who knows anything at all about the theatre knows that very few "real" actors can "behave." Put them into modern clothes, cast them to play modern characters, and you immediately discover that they cannot walk, speak, or even stand still in the way in which the real-life character they are impersonating would do these things. From which I conclude that "behaving" is considerably less easy than some critics suppose.

I have left the second of these charges to the last, because it is the hardest to deal with. The modern actor gets so few opportunities to show what he can do in the way of "real acting" that it would not be at all surprising if, when the opportunity arose, he failed humiliatingly. On the other hand, there appears to be, even in stolid Englishmen, a latent theatricalism, which reveals itself in children, and also in adults when they happen to be either very angry or partially intoxicated—that is to say, at such times as their artificial "reserve" (or self-control) is not restraining them. It is then that one notices that even Englishmen are capable of sweeping gestures, of moods which are almost "continental" in their violence. It is then, in fact, that we see the Henry Irving that is latent in Everyman.

Now, the "real" actor has to simulate these moods and passions. For in "real" plays, almost all the characters are chronically in a condition which is exceptional in modern English life. They are always either angry, or boisterously happy, or absurdly terrified, or suicidally distressed about some appalling catastrophe; or, in their relatively quiet moments, they are either being very dignified, or very bitter, or apoplectically self-controlled. They are virtually never normal, and they never have the slightest sense of either humour or proportion.

That I am not exaggerating, Martin Harvey's 'Some Reflections on the Art of Acting' proves. Look, for example, at the instances he chooses for the illustration of his argument that "the actor can express nothing but himself," and you see at once the abnormalism of the older drama. He starts with "a murderer, such as Iago" and "a saintly martyr, such as Savonarola," and then quotes Talma's explanation how the actor can impersonate "the viler passions of guilty and corrupt minds." Next, to show the actor's use of imitation, he refers to Garrick's study of a lunatic in order to play King Lear. Fourth in the list comes "personal experience"; and this time we are told of Macready, "who said he could

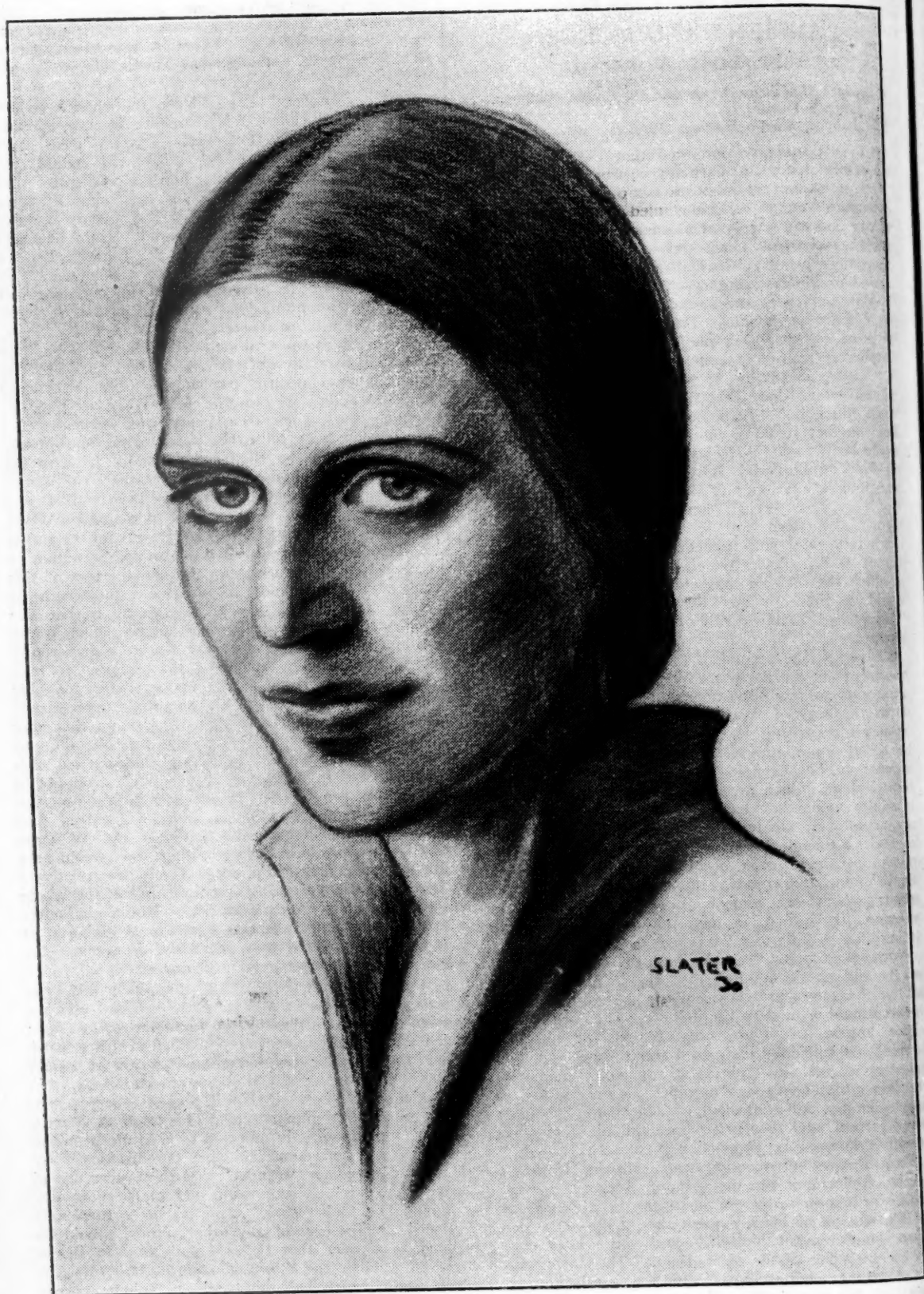
never play Virginus until he had lost his daughter." And lastly, "our own dormant potentialities" which, "fanned by chance, circumstance or opportunity, may make monsters of us." Lunatics, murderers, saints, monsters—well, you see what Martin Harvey means by Acting!

Can our modern actors, when the chance comes, simulate these violent temperaments as ably as their predecessors could? Personally, I've no idea, never having had (what something tells me I should call) the privilege of seeing Irving and his colleagues. But I do know this—that they can at least simulate them very dramatically. Witness the last twenty minutes of 'A Murder Has Been Arranged.' Here one sees assembled on the stage of the St. James's Theatre players whose competence at mere "behaviour" is unquestionable: Mr. Henry Kendall, for example, and Miss Viola Compton, Miss Ann Codrington, together with a youthful newcomer, Miss Margaretta Scott. They are called upon to simulate abnormal terror (for the play is a mixture of ghost story and thriller). The whole thing is absurd, puerile and false, but never mind; the actors are required to act—and act they do. Their gestures, their movements, their postures and their speech have all to be extravagant and utterly "un-English"—and they are. I admit that to me personally they appeared to be rather ridiculous; but because I happened to remain unmoved, I was able to observe that a great deal of extremely clever "acting" was being done by everybody on the stage.

A complimentary word is due also to the author in his capacity of producer, for the effectiveness of this last scene. My opinion of him as a playwright is another matter. One has to bear in mind that this is a first play by a very young author. I shall also give him the benefit of a strong doubt, and therefore assume that he does not mean the audience to take his melodrama seriously. But making every possible allowance, and looking at potential "promise" rather than at actual achievement, I found this play unsatisfactory. No doubt it was simply due to inexperience that the first half-hour was occupied with repetitive, and in each case unsuccessful, attempts to explain why Sir Charles Jasper had decided to give a party on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. And no doubt it was due to the fact that Mr. Williams was his own producer that the first and second acts had not been drastically cut. These are relatively unimportant matters. The essential fault of the whole play is that it is utterly theatrical. Not a character, not an incident, not one single phrase of dialogue, is even distantly related to reality; and if ever a play was "of the stage, stagey," this one is.

But does it "thrill"? Yes (though it takes an unconscionable time in preparation), provided you are capable of being thrilled by the familiar tricks—tricks which are certainly more easily justified in this ghostly milieu than in their more usual environment of human crooks. And so, as a Christmas entertainment, this unsophisticated ghost story will probably be popular.

To return for a moment to 'The Book of Martin Harvey.' It contains, in addition to his lecture on the art of acting and some valuable "reflections" by Sir John concerning 'Hamlet' and the proper use of scenery, an extremely interesting and amusing account of how 'The Only Way' came to be written and produced. In the case of any other actor I should be inclined to wonder that it had been thought worth while to publish the mass of congratulatory letters which occupy nearly half this handsome volume. True, they are nearly all of them the written tributes of distinguished persons; as a rule, however, everyone (including—on reflection!—the recipient) takes this sort of fulsome adulation with a grain of salt. The case of Martin Harvey is exceptional. One believes that they were written in complete sincerity; one knows also that they were deserved.



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## THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—X

A. *The SATURDAY REVIEW* offers Two Prizes of Fifteen Guineas and Ten Guineas for the best Detective Stories of Crime, Mystery, or Terror submitted.

The stories should be of not more than 3,000 words each; but within the above limits there is complete liberty of plot, character, and setting.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and the stories must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

Every effort will be made to return contributions if a stamped addressed envelope be sent, but the *SATURDAY REVIEW* can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or delayed in the post.

The closing date for this Competition will be Monday, February 2, 1931. It is hoped to publish the results early in March.

B. *Mr. John Brown, a bachelor of forty, and to all appearances in good health, has just been told by his family doctor that he has only one year to live; and the sentence of death is confirmed by a Harley Street specialist, who points out that he is unlikely to suffer any pain or inconvenience until the end, and advises him to make the best of the twelvemonth that remains to him.*

*Mr. Brown is financially independent, and has no family responsibilities; but he is in some doubt as to the best method of spending his limited time. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers two Prizes of a Guinea and a Half and Half a Guinea for the best suggestion, which must not exceed 300 words in length.*

For this Competition no coupons will be required. The closing date will be Monday, December 15, and the results will be announced in the issue of January 3, 1931.

### REPORT ON THE SATURDAY REVIEW SHORT STORY COMPETITION—1A

1. I started reading the large number of stories submitted for this competition with the wild idea that I might find a new Maupassant. In one story I believe there is just a touch of that master. With any less able, or less sympathetic treatment, 'The Shilling' would have been sordid; as things are it is a genuine tragedy and contains elements of beauty as well as irony. I recommend this for the first prize.

2. 'Dies Irae,' by Damon, is a very ambitious piece of work, and at every fresh paragraph I anticipated collapse as inevitable. In fact, however, the author carries the whole thing to a fine finish without one descent to bathos or the ridiculous. The story has many good touches and one piece of very subtle psychology. In spite of certain faults of style, I recommend this for the second prize.

3. 'The Lost Ball' (neither name nor pseudonym attached). I am aware that much of my delight in this fantasy came from the queer terms of its Irish wording. All the same, the thing strikes me as both wise and understanding, and I recommend it for the third prize; but whether it is a story quite within the terms of the competition, I don't know.

(The story appears to come strictly within the terms set out in the *SATURDAY REVIEW* of October 4, and the judge's recommendation is therefore upheld.—ED. S.R.)

Other stories of considerable merit are: 'The Later Love,' by Maritana (a writer whose work when mature may be greater than Rebecca West); 'Not As Others Are,' by Cuilhan; 'The First Sceptic,' by Harlech;

and 'The Hammer,' by G. Evanson. Will the authors thus indicated kindly send in their names and addresses?

### RESULT OF COMPETITION VII

B. *The SATURDAY REVIEW* offers a First Prize of a Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best poem on a London Fog. The verses may take the form of an Ode, a Lyric, or a Sonnet; but no Epics need apply.

### JUDGE'S REPORT

It was unfortunate that this competition closed a day or two before the season's first fog descended. Consequently, I did not find in the entries very much of that "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" which Wordsworth held to be poetry. As was to be expected in the circumstances, the best efforts were submitted by those who relied frankly on distant memories. Nearly all the attempts to describe a fog in being were too literary and conventional, and in a few only could I trace any of the real emotion which a London particular produces. Among writers who were trying to think in the present tense, B. Hillyard and Cosmopolitan were the best. Good single lines came from Walter Harrison: "This choking cloud-bank writhed round Cobbett's Wen"; and from Pibwob: "Tureens of meteorological pea-soup." But I award first prize to S. M. Rutherford for an irregular sonnet based on a recollection from childhood, and second prize to Spinkle for a lyric written in the tropics.

### FIRST PRIZE

When, as a child, I heard the padding hoof  
(Thro' the thick shroud of sight and sound) soft fall,  
While dim lights glimmer'd thro' the dark'ning pall,  
I thought: "How hard to be so kept aloof  
Behind the nursery bars, when boys are bearing  
Tall torches to show travellers their way.  
O! To be out in it! Not only hearing  
The muffled charms of night in midst of day!"

Well! There's the Fog—there's the Liberty—  
'Mid horrid flashes and confusing glare!  
Long hoots; loud shrieks; no hooded mystery  
But brilliant shafts, that dazzle everywhere.  
Lost are those gleams seen from youth's high-barred  
prison.  
Remain Fog, Noise and disenchanted Vision.

S. M. RUTHERFORD

### SECOND PRIZE

The brown fog river swirls and glides,  
Flooding the street in shifting tides,  
Between the houses' cliff-like sides.

Like phantoms in a phantom street  
Dim figures loom from darkness, meet,  
And go, on groping, hesitant feet.

The street-lamps fade in pallid row,  
And behind railings, welcoming, low,  
The little basement firesides glow.

A winter noontide's treacherous blaze;  
Long, level, sweltering nights and days . . . !  
Oh, London firelight; London ways!

SPINKLE

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the *SATURDAY REVIEW* are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

## THE TAXING SHOP

SIR,—When the House of Commons grabbed the sole right to tax, it turned the shield of the people into a sword against them and replaced the Treasury watch-dog by the two daughters of the horse leech.

Once smilingly tolerating the Talking Shop, the people of England now most heartily hate the Taxing Shop.

I am, etc.,  
PARALLAX

## THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERSHIP

SIR,—Your remarks on the revival of the question of the leadership of the Conservative Party recall some phases of the Caxton Hall meeting which appear to have escaped attention.

In the first place, when Mr. Baldwin had left the Hall, Lord Hailsham asked, "Whom would you choose in his place?" This question was hardly fair, because there was no vacancy to fill. Lord Hailsham's own name was mentioned, however, and he replied "that cannot be." I venture to submit that if the best man happens to be on the Bench he should resign on appointment, and a peer must not be barred because of his title. The Labour Party have had ample time to strengthen their numbers in the Upper Chamber.

Lord Hailsham said further, on the authority of his leader, that Mr. Baldwin would go out of politics unless he received a vote of confidence. So Mr. Baldwin, in the face of that declaration, is determined to deprive his party of his services altogether, if he cannot be the leader. Sir Austen Chamberlain set him a better example of devotion to his party when he continued to serve though not elected leader on the breaking up of the Coalition.

I am, etc.,  
New Barnet  
A. H. ROWLAND

## RELIGION AND SOCIAL ORDER

SIR,—I may have missed the point of Mr. William Sanderson's contentions. I do not, I hope, miss that of M. L. W. His contention, I take it, is that the well-being of the race is the supreme value, the end to which all man's powers of service, all his energies of body, mind and spirit ought to be dedicated. In other words, that the race is synonymous with the Deity.

We must all respect an ideal of racial development which calls forth the service and sacrifice of the individual and is an incentive to healthy and temperate living. But to identify such an ideal with religion is to impoverish spiritual life and therefore to rob the race of its most precious heritage.

It would be difficult to take very seriously such an attempt to narrow down the idea of God to the interests of the nation were it not for the fact that this identification of religion and nationalism was one of the causes which contributed to the late war.

Such an identification is, of course, totally incompatible with Christianity, which, so far from being individualistic, binds men, by the power of a common ideal, into a fellowship transcending every distinction of caste, nationality and race.

I am, etc.,  
Kingsbridge, Bucks  
IRENE M. HUBBARD

## 'JAMES JOYCE AGAIN'

SIR,—May I correct any misapprehensions which may have arisen out of my review, in your last issue, of Mr. James Joyce's 'Anna Livia Plurabelle'?

Owing to a misprint (for which my crabbed hand was probably to blame) one paragraph read:

To discover how far this is true it is necessary first to read all those portions of the 'Work' which have appeared in *transition* which I have done; and then to have acquired a knowledge and understanding of Vico's 'Scienza Nuova,' which, I suspect, very few of Mr. Joyce's readers have done.

Unfortunately some words have dropped out. While claiming to have struggled, sometimes with enjoyment, sometimes with dismay, but always with head unbowed through all those parts in *transition*, I am still ignorant of Vico. Admitting that, I wrote "which I have not done, and which, I suspect, very few," etc.

As printed, it looked like a covert assumption of knowledge on my part and a sneer at others.

Readers may also have wondered what on earth possessed Mr. Joyce (whose 'Anna Livia Plurabelle,' to quote my words, "... is the conversation ... beginning with the title of this review") to start off with the odd words 'James Joyce Again.' I headed the review, or at least intended to:

O  
tell me all about  
Anna Livia!

for that is how this remarkable fragment of 'Work in Progress' actually begins.

I am, etc.,  
GEOFFREY GRIGSON

## THE PRESERVATION OF ANTIQUITIES

SIR,—It may be true, as the President of the Society of Miniaturists would seem to suggest, that there are few buildings in this country to which a sensitive person would proudly take along a stranger to look upon.

But that is because of its lack of modern architecture, not the reverse. I do not doubt that the Anglo-American Oil Company have turned the Queen Anne building into an efficient modern office; I would even agree with a proposal to preserve all such examples of old English architecture in similar fashion.

The trouble with the Merrie England brigade, however, is that they appear to imagine that architecture died with Queen Anne. Thus we have the face of England scarred with fake "Tudor" villas, and Scotland's banks and offices as far north as Lerwick and Aberdeen running wildly into silly imitations of Norman turrets. Somebody has even solemnly set up an Elizabethan petrol pump.

That nonsense must cease. Let us preserve what is worth preserving; but let our new buildings express the simple and efficient mood of their twentieth century.

I am etc.,  
Piccadilly, W.1  
G. P. CATCHPOLE

SIR,—It is gratifying to all concerned to read the approval expressed in your columns of our efforts on behalf of the Anglo-American Oil Company to preserve No. 23, the corner house of that delightful relic of Queen Anne London, Queen Anne's Gate. The fact remains, nevertheless, that many similar buildings, valuably representative of the best standards of our traditional architecture, are still being regarded as derelict and demolished to the grievous loss of the community.

It is not generally realized that eighteenth-century houses possess many advantages essentially modern in character. Their simplicity of external treatment is fully



in accordance with present ideas and the ample window space makes them eminently light and habitable when adapted to the current requirements.

We are, etc.,

H. H. WIGGLESWORTH  
Bedford Row, W.C.1 A. G. R. MACKENZIE

#### GIFTS FOR MENTAL HOSPITALS

SIR,—In view of the monotonous existence led by so many of the inmates of asylums, we venture to put the following plea before the generous public who so loyally support the ordinary hospitals which care for those suffering from physical illness.

One of the chief needs of the patients in Mental Hospitals is for something to do, and although there is nothing more injurious to those suffering from mental strain than constant introspection, in the case of rate-aided patients in our County Hospitals there is very little provided by way of amusement or recreation, and much time is spent in the worst possible way, viz., in thinking about themselves.

Gifts, such as playing cards, games of all kinds, amusements, etc., will be gratefully received by the Secretary, National Society for Lunacy Law Reform, 60 Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.1, and may be sent with the full assurance that every care will be taken to see that those for whom they are intended actually get the benefit of them.

I am, etc.,

FRANCIS WHITE  
Southampton Row, W.C.1 (Secretary)

#### 'THE SOUL OF A SKUNK'

SIR,—Accept my congratulations. Your review of my book was exceedingly clever, wholly diverting and not quite charitable. I regard it as a subtle compliment to myself as a writer. My "Skunk" must have the breath of life in its body. Had it been a corpse you would scarcely have spent so much excellent ammunition upon the poor brute's carcass.

I have no wish to write about the book as the book. I do wish to comment on your reviewer's concluding paragraph. I respect and (I think) understand the SATURDAY REVIEW's Conservative standpoint. It is a pity, I consider, that the SATURDAY REVIEW, which makes articulate one of the best elements in English Conservatism of to-day, apparently neither respects nor understands the view-point of that section of the English working-class to which I belong and of which I am proud to consider myself a representative.

My comment is this—I refer to the review's last paragraph. Had I been at Charterhouse, I should, I imagine, have been a Tory of the Scawen-Blunt type. That is to say, a true Tory. As it is, just as English Imperialists, forgetting the true Tory tradition, to-day are so self-deceived as to call themselves Conservatives: so I, a true Tory at heart, am self-deceived enough to believe myself a Socialist. Unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is in much the same case. That is by the way. More relevantly, aware of the queer twists in human psychology, you will not think it paradoxical if I say that to-day Socialism is my religion, despite the fact that Conscription remains my Black Beast, whether it be of the State, of the Trade Union, or of Socialism itself.

I do not grudge—as Mr. Raglan Somerset seems to think—his class its Charterhouse. I am merely wistful of it for my own. I cannot forget that in its foundation Charterhouse was for poor would-be scholars like the poor would-be scholar which once I was. I and men like me have been dispossessed of Charterhouse. My awareness of the fact explains much in my book which Mr. Somerset attributes to "savage rancour against society."

When Conservatives forget to be will-o'-the-wisp Imperialists, and remember the true Tory tradition, they will seek to give back to men of my class, the working-class of England, their ancient rights—their commons and their Charterhouses.

Do but give us back our commons and our Charterhouses, and you may keep your bread and circuses—your doles and broadcast Grand Operas.

This, of course, is in part a plea for the taxation of land values as a first step towards land-nationalization, given a true Tory expression.

I am, etc.,

GEORGE BAKER

#### SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS NATIVES

SIR,—I have been a close student of African affairs since 1876, in which year I made personal acquaintance with South Africa. During the long period that has elapsed I have gone through several mutations and modifications of the views on the Native question expressed in leading articles written for the *Natal Mercury* fifty-four years ago. In several of these articles I find that I was championing views almost identical with those held by General Hertzog to-day.

It is true that the aboriginal peoples of Africa, of South Africa especially, owe much to the European settlers in the continent. We must not forget that a large part of the present native population of the sub-continent are newcomers, either in their own persons or as the descendants of natives who have come from the North, in order to escape from the tyranny, the slavery and the warfare obtaining in their respective countries. Consequently, for this paramount reason—there are many others—the interests and rights of the white peoples rest on solid grounds. But it is also true that Africa is primarily a black man's country. The whites can claim no moral sanction for their presence in it, unless they recognize that fact.

I submit that any policy of segregating the blacks in prescribed enclaves, of treating them permanently as inferior people, is bound to fail and this on scientific no less than on moral grounds. The fecundity of the blacks must inevitably lead to congestion in these delimited areas and to the recurrent cry for the extension of the lands allotted to them, which in the nature of things it would always be difficult, and sometimes impossible, to concede. In view of the high order of intelligence of the Bantu races, and, indeed, of most of the South African races, and to their advance in education and in political consciousness, it is too late in the day, if, indeed, it was ever possible, to think of keeping them in the social and political conditions of their ancestors. We cannot return to tribal institutions which have been lost, or preserve for long such survivals thereof which still remain.

With all its drawbacks, all its implications, and those who think we are not insensible to the importance of these factors, it seems that there is no safe way but to accept the facts as they are and to suffer the aboriginal and the immigrant white peoples to live side by side in community, and in some measure of rivalry. I refer solely to economic, industrial and political community. There cannot be now, and there never can be, any question of the intermingling of blood; that is to say, as a defensible proposition. Miscegenation as between white and black is an evil of the first magnitude. The white races—English and Dutch—must trust to inherent qualities to retain the hegemony which is now theirs. But that the black races can be permanently or, indeed, immediately, deprived of electoral privileges, where the individual native has attained a certain status or position, is not, surely, a reasonable proposition. The colour bar cannot be upheld either on equitable grounds or on those of expediency.

I am, etc.,

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE  
Royal Empire Society, W.C.2

## FREE CHESS

SIR,—The article on 'A New Variety of Chess' in your issue of November 15 came under my notice, and incites me to a little comment.

I plead guilty to a quiet chuckle over "the average level of the masters," and the "analysis of their ordinary tournament or championship play," for the verdict that it is not "extravagantly high" my experience tells me is true in many cases. Though the onlooker may see most of the game, if the old proverb is to be believed, it is obviously out of the question for him to foresee the plans of the best players in their entirety, and the interest lies in watching the development of the plan. One has to endure a lot of very poor stuff for the sake of the really good game, and for those all too rare episodes one is devoutly thankful.

I have never experimented with the number of the same pieces your correspondent mentions, but I have seen, and occasionally participated in, such variations as "Two-Move Chess," wherein each player has two moves at a time, or "Cylindrical Chess," wherein you have to imagine the board as a cylinder, with the queen's rook's file next to, and touching, the king's rook's file. These variations of the ordinary game will take you out of your depth with a rapidity guaranteed to satisfy the most earnest seeker of the unusual.

The other side of the medal, for the watcher, is to endure the games played by those who can remember many of the variations in the "Books," but beyond that they never get. It bores one almost to tears to see their helplessness after about a dozen moves, for of imagination or plan they have none. Blessed be your correspondent for his grasp of the great truth, which by no means applies to "Free Chess" alone, that "you must think, and think hard, or quit," and this maxim should be written in letters of gold in every chess room.

It was a realization of this truth which induced my friend J. R. Capablanca to bring forward his proposals for some change in the game, for the benefit, at present, of the select few players only. The "lesser lights" are not yet in need of it.

For what it is worth, my observation tells me he is absolutely right in his diagnosis of the disease, though I am not so sure that his remedy of the 100 square board, with its two extra pieces and two extra pawns for each player, does not go rather too far. My own preference is for some slight change in the powers of the pieces, perhaps by endowing the rook, bishop, or knight with the additional powers of its fellows. It needs such a slight change to take a player into the region where he must think for himself from the very first, and the difficulties your correspondent found in a great extension of this idea are the best evidence that it is one way out of the conventional rut.

The recent correspondence arising out of Señor Capablanca's proposals contained an interesting suggestion from my friend Mr. T. H. Tylor, of Balliol College, Oxford, that the "stalemate" penalty should be abolished, and I strongly incline to agree with him. In draughts we have the logical situation that if a player deliberately produces a position wherein he cannot move, he loses the game; or if his last king is imprisoned at the side of the board, and cannot move without being captured, he also loses the game. In chess if a player cannot make a legal move, and at the same time cannot move his king without taking it into check, he draws the game, no matter what material advantage the other fellow may possess. The extreme instance is that a player with two knights and a king cannot win against a player with a king only, just because he cannot force the mating position without stalemating his opponent. It is hopelessly illogical, if material advantage is to have any value in the game, and all beginners are taught to endeavour to obtain such an advantage. The objection is that the abolition of the rule might do away with a good deal of finesse in king and pawn endings, for instance, but my answer

is that the player must learn, by hard thinking, to play well enough not to come to such a position with a disadvantage. At present, he escapes from that disadvantage through an illogical technicality, and there need not be such things in chess.

I am, etc.,

EDWARD S. TINSLEY

Printing House Square, E.C.4

## THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA

SIR,—Speaking in the debate on the King's "Address" at the recent reopening of Parliament, Mr. Baldwin referred strongly to (1) the dumping of Russian wheat in this country and (2) Russian trade aims. In regard to (1) Mr. Baldwin omitted to make use of the prevalent stories of "Russian slave-labour" and of the miseries of the peasants associated with the wheat export; and in regard to (2) said: "He believed that behind the present commercial policy of the Soviet there was an attempt to sow seeds of dissension and revolution." As to (1) Dr. Dillon's views below should be of interest; as to (2) it will be seen from Count Witte's work that Mr. Baldwin's belief is founded on a basis that is not specifically Bolshevik.

I have just been reading Dr. E. J. Dillon's remarkable book published towards the end of last year, entitled, 'Russia To-day and Yesterday.' Dr. Dillon lived in Russia for thirty years before the war; incidentally he was a personal friend of Dostoevsky and of the celebrated Russian statesman, Count Witte. Dr. Dillon revisited Russia for three months in 1928, and the chief fact that astonished him was the complete alteration of the status and outlook of the peasantry; he has nothing but admiration for the way the Bolsheviks have aroused this inert peasant mass from its lethargy, ignorance and silent submissiveness of the pre-war period. This scarcely bears out the "slave-labour" and misery stories.

But even if these tales of the sufferings of the "muzhik" be true, they would be nothing new in modern Russian history. Nekrassof, the great Russian poet, wrote and sang of the woes of the peasants even after their so-called "Liberation" in 1861. There is his famous outburst: "Ukazhi mnye takuyu obityel gdye-by Russky muzhik nye stradal," i.e., "Show me a homestead where the Russian peasant does not suffer."

But there is much later evidence than this. 'The Memoirs of Alexander Isvolsky'—Russian Foreign Minister from 1906 to 1910, and then Ambassador in France until 1917—written by himself were published in this country by Hutchinson and Co. in 1920. The fourth chapter is devoted to Count Witte, for whom Isvolsky in these pages shows a great admiration. On page 121 Isvolsky says:

"There is a consensus of opinion that one of Count Witte's principal merits was the immense effort he made for the development, or rather the creation, of a great manufacturing industry in Russia. Without depreciating the brilliant results he achieved in that direction, one may ask if he did not 'put the cart before the horse'?" In giving all his attention to the workshop did not Count Witte fail to comprehend the character, essentially agricultural, of Russia. . . ? And was it not due to the financial policy of Count Witte—notably the colossal growth of the foreign debt contracted for the purchase of the railways whose maintenance and operation demanded enormous sums of ready money—that great quantities of agricultural products had to be exported, thereby disturbing the economic balance and even affecting the physical condition of the rural population?"

The Soviet is finding the same difficulties as Count Witte a generation ago, but appears to be tackling the matter on more comprehensive lines.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR



"To be, or not to be; that is the question."  
*Hamlet, III. 1*

## NOTES.

Across.	Down.
8. P(are)s.	1. 'Love's Labour Lost,' I, 1.
16. Apyretic.	2. 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' IV, 4.
17. 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' II, 2.	5. 'Hamlet,' I, 2.
18. 'Merchant of Venice,' II, 2.	6. Soy.
19. Mim.	8. i.e. "prep."
20. Dickens's 'Sketches by Boz.'	12. 'Hamlet,' V, 2.
23. Pean and Peel.	13. Rely = Lyre broken up.
28. Osiris.	14. 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' I, 3.
29. Tonsil.	20. Bis dat qui cito dat.
43. Shily, not "shyly."	26. Rips and Risp.
46. Cerge or Serge.	30. 'Taming of the Shrew,' III, 2.
53. Oerlay, a large cravat. (Sc.)	39. Rheotome.
54. I 'Henry IV,' I, 3.	45. (A)lien.
57. Sea-nurse = a Shark.	48. Raze and Ezra.
Sea-cap = a basket-shaped sponge.	49. Fautor.
58. Tug or Rug.	55. D(ra)g.
59. I 'Henry IV,' III, 1.	57. Shakespeare, the 'Swan of Avon.'

## RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. 3

The winner is Mr. M. H. Tattersall, of 68 College Road, Dulwich, S.E., who has selected for his prize 'The Marriage of Loti' (T. Werner Laurie).

As the clues did not definitely distinguish between the alternatives in Nos. 46 and 58, either word has been accepted as correct.

The next ten were: Mrs. Wilson Frazer, 6 College Gardens, Dulwich, S.E.; Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Margate; Rev. Ch. Gerard Box, 20 High Street, Daventry; E. Carr, Authors' Club, 2 Whitehall Court, S.W.1; Miss Lucy Lancaster, Fresco, Reynolds Road, Beaconsfield; Miss Carter, 51 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7; H. L. V. Day, Felstead, Essex; P. R. Bald, Carfax, Englefield Green; J. M. Kindersley, 5 Porchester Road, Newbury; Dr. C. H. D. Robbs, Grantham.

## IN GENERAL

WITH disarming grace, as usual, the "third-leader" writer of *The Times* was discoursing the other morning on the cult of detective stories. As well he might. For the things abound, teem, swarm, proliferate, in apparently unchecked luxuriance; and no small body of readers, it is plain, takes them with an ever-increasing seriousness.

"A strange phenomenon in the mental life of a nation," remarked the leader-writer. And who, looking coolly at the facts, can deny it? Even if you are unwilling to regard it as a phenomenon in the national life, it can be watched with curiosity in the life of individuals. And a very queer thing it is, as I for one am often being reminded. A couple of weeks ago, for instance, I had the vexatious pleasure of hearing a paper read on the subject of detective stories by an able member of our Civil Service. With careful and fastidious discrimination he surveyed the field in general, accepting this variation of the genre, rejecting that, and then proceeded to lavish on the exact "technique" of Mr. Crofts, Mrs. Christie, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Conington and others, an ingenuity of criticism and a richness of specialized knowledge which I earnestly hope he applies no less enthusiastically to the conduct of His Majesty's affairs of State. Here, again, I find an eminent practitioner and historian of the detective writers' craft, Miss Dorothy Sayers, remarking that whenever one of their number hears of a new invention or a new discovery, he will instantly say: "What good is this? Can you kill anyone with it?" And from conversation I myself sometimes overhear, I should guess that this mental reaction is not confined to writers of these stories.

My own contributions to research on the morality of confirmed readers and writers of this class of fiction are two. They are both painful. The first was made a few months ago when the library com-

mittee of my (as I thought) very respectable club was being sadly troubled by the persistent breaking of a rule by members who removed current library books to the club bedrooms, or, even worse, to their own homes. On examining the posted lists of "missing books," what did I find? That 95.23 per cent. of these were detective or crime books—a disclosure which calls for no comment. As for the second, you may gauge my opinion of the morality of the specialists who carry on this business by the simple fact that once, in after-dinner conversation, I foolishly divulged a private dodge of my own for getting rid of an unwanted corpse in a very pleasant and hygienic way, and within six months I learned that on this device of mine hinged the plot of a new tale from the pen of a member of the company. . . . I hope his book will be dismally "remaindered," but perhaps my idea is too good for that to happen. . . . "Who among us," asks the writer in *The Times*, "is going to cast the first, or any, stone?" And in answer, I offer these two pebbles.

There are plenty more on the beach, heavier and less personal. But I shall not now attempt to sort them all out. The usual defence of the detective "fan" is that the stories provide mental relaxation and exercise of a pleasurable kind; and at first sight this can fairly be granted. But on the showing of its own devotees, detective fiction falls into a few very clearly defined categories of technique, and once the reader has made himself an adept in these, he ought surely to be wearied rather than fascinated by their repeated application to sets of circumstances which have only superficial differences. Very, very few of these thousands of novels can boast any real skill in analysing or conveying human character or social background—indeed, it is common to find the more hardened type of reader deprecating any such fal-lals—and the interest is confined more and more closely to the fitting together of highly artificial clues, sometimes veiled in ambiguous or verbally misleading terms. And this, I submit, is a cramping kind of relaxation and exercise, a mere substitute form, with about as little relation to the true as those electric "horses" or stationary sculling-machines which you find clamped to the floor of a liner's gymnasium. The cramping effect on the persistent reader's mind I have noticed in several ways; one lately struck me in particular. A very original and forcible novel recently appeared, which happened to open with the finding of the murdered body of a young girl on a farm. The author's concern was to reveal the working of a section of the English rural mind by tracing the reactions of the village to this ugly event in their midst, and in particular its consequences for the perfectly innocent, but unpopular, gentleman-farmer on whose property the tragedy befell. The analysis of moods and temperaments was excellently set forth, and the story had real literary force from the first page to the last. But the book's sub-title unfortunately contained the word "murder"; and I was annoyed to find at least three reviewers (not to mention a friend to whom I recommended the book) running off on the wrong track, and uttering totally inept judgments of the novel because they persisted, almost automatically, in judging it by their "detective," jig-saw standards.

In fact, the detective story has become, for thousands of ordinary readers, a mere habit. Probably, therefore, it will persist for some time yet, very much as did the "tale of terror," the vast and futile progeny a century ago of Atranto and Udolpho, "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe. Is it not likely much longer to have any real freshness or excitement to offer, but merely to reproduce, with decreasing intensity, a once-refreshing exercise of certain mental faculties of induction or deduction.

QUINCUNX



## NEW NOVELS

*Certain People.* By Edith Wharton. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

*The Three Thieves.* By Umberto Notari. Howe. 6s.

*One Has Been Honest.* By F. G. Fisher. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

*The Son Avenger.* By Sigrid Undset. Translated by A. G. Chater. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

*The Man Without Pity.* By Seldon Truss. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

*Great Ghost Stories.* Collected by Harrison Dale. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

PRESUMABLY there really existed, at some point in the world's history, an aged gourmet who died in action over the nuts and wine. There must be some foundation in actuality for a character to whom such frequent tribute is paid in fiction, not only by old English writers but by modern American ones as well. That elderly epicure is positively a hall-mark of a certain standard of slick, near-intelligent authorship and, bore though he has now become, you will find him grimly taking his place somewhere in the collected works of every successful contributor to the "class" magazines.

Mrs. Wharton's *Man of the World* makes his appearance in 'After Holbein,' one of the six short stories contained in 'Certain People.' Wanly he eats his last dinner before crossing the Bar; he has no palate left and hardly any sight, he does not realize that the "Perrier-Jouet, 'ninety-five" is only Apollinaris, or that the orchids upon the table are merely bunched-up pieces of newspaper. Finally he says good-bye to his hostess and her phantom guests and stumbles out to meet death on the pavement. The quality aimed at here, one feels, was the pathetic-macabre, but something has gone agley. Perhaps the subject seems too easy and familiar and Mrs. Wharton over-generous with her effects.

She is much more successfully grim in 'A Bottle of Perrier,' a tale of murder in an African desert and an ingenious exercise in sustained suspense. In 'The Refugees' her rather acid wit finds a vulnerable subject in the excesses, at the beginning of the war, of an English county family with refugee-adopting mania. A duchess, for example, is planning a garden-party in aid of the Relief Fund and looking for someone to do a lecture on Atrocities. It is explained:

The committee has given us a prima donna from the Brussels Opera to sing the Marseillaise, and the what-d'ye-call-it Belgian anthem, but there are lots of people coming just for the Atrocities.

Mrs. Wharton is very much at her ease with this sort of straightforward satire, and, of course, whether she is being witty or grisly or just understanding, she is never at a loss for an effective phrase.

After the generous virtuosity of 'Certain People,' Signor Notari seems a refreshingly unforced writer. 'The Three Thieves' is a delightful little story of the whimsical-satiric sort already made popular in this country by translations of some of the Karel Capek novels. One thief is a simple-minded tramp named Tapioca, who steals because he has found that "work that they call 'honest' takes from you all desire to work"; another is Ornano, a gentleman crook, and the third is a millionaire manufacturer of patent but worthless medicines. When the millionaire is robbed by Ornano of ten million lire it is Tapioca who goes for trial, and though he protests his innocence ("Why, in all my life I've never been able to steal more than a hundred lire at a time!") he is made almost a national hero by the magnitude of his supposed coup.

Old cronies and prostitutes who had had casual relations with Tapioca furbished up their memories for the occasion, and although one and all had always regarded him as a half-wit, yet the best of his past actions were now recalled . . . as the heroic deeds of a new Napoleon, the Napoleon of theft.

In view of the book's cunning hits at journalism, politics, law courts and "Capitalist Institutions" in general, it is interesting to note that it comes from a writer who has himself founded five daily papers and sixteen other periodicals and has established his own publishing firm.

Mr. Fisher's novel tells of a terrifying sort of honesty which Anton Kruger sought of his young friend Emmerich Kanzius, who failed him in this respect and left him to his fate alone. In a series of terse, effective incidents the author gives us sudden, almost electrical, flashes of insight into Kruger's mind as he watches Kanzius experience the disillusion which, to him, is a mark of honesty. Somehow the philosophizings and feelings of these men towards women seem too self-absorbed to gain full reality for us, but only when Kruger's impending madness becomes a certainty does melodramatic artificiality break in. It is usually unwise to augur promise of a new writer on the basis of a first novel, but it is certainly a pleasant surprise to read a story by an Englishman which is framed against a background of German life and yet is not decked out with the linguistic trimmings of the tourist's phrase-book.

With the publication of 'The Son Avenger,' English admirers of the sagas of Mme. Sigrid Undset have the fourth volume of the tetralogy included under the general title of 'The Master of Hestviken.' This final novel, written with the brooding power of its predecessors and, like them, set against a rugged background of fourteenth-century Norway, tells how Eirik was "avenged" on his supposed father for his real father's murder. It is a work of high distinction which one is bound to admire—even, perhaps, without finishing it!

The last two books on this week's list are essays in the horrific. When, near the end of Mr. Truss's complicated mystery, Detective Shane declares, "the thing was superbly conceived, as only a super-fiend could conceive it," he is making no overstatement. Superb is the only word for the ingenious villain who runs a suburban museum as cover for a notorious night-club and "bumps-off" his victims in the Natural History section. The club's members can surely have been no less thrilled than was Detective Shane by the knowledge that the bones of the late Lord Armitage Bostock were to be found disposed about the reconstructed skeleton of a *Pithecanthropus erectus*. No wonder the place was fashionable!

Mr. Harrison Dale disarms criticism by not calling his anthology 'The World's Best Ghost Stories,' and certainly no one is likely to question the right of admission to the category of "great" of any of the tales he has chosen. Our own favourite was the shortest of all and is contained in Mr. Dale's preface; an anecdote of Macgregor Mathers attributed to Senator W. B. Yeats:

Mathers is much troubled by ladies who seek spiritual advice and one has called to ask his help against phantoms who have the appearance of decayed corpses and try to get into bed with her at night. He has driven her away with one furious sentence—"Very bad taste on both sides."

Mr. Dale's authors range from Scott, Stevenson and Mrs. Gaskell to Gautier and Lafcadio Hearn. None of the stories contain that feature so loved by Nature's spoil-sports, the "natural explanation," and every one has a ghost or unearthly visitant of some kind. This is a very timely assembly of good companions from the Nether Nether Land.

## REVIEWS

## ROGER CASEMENT

*The Life and Death of Roger Casement.* By Denis Gwynn. Cape. 12s. 6d.

IF there is a case which will puzzle the future historian, it is certainly that of Sir Roger Casement. His life was unique; a great puzzle and a great tragedy. He passed through very different storms of hatred and denigration in different lands. He was the avowed champion of those who could not help themselves, whose case he saw with a furious intensity of vision such as that which Dante felt while gathering his reports on the Inferno. To his friends he became an alternating subject of pride and despair. He was at times unhinged by the nightmares in which he chose to live, but he was not mad and his death was as courageously sought as it must have been welcome to find.

Mr. Gwynn has given us the book from which all future monographs will be written. He has unearthed an enormous amount of material, for no Life is more documented than Casement's since his personal reports on the Congo and the Putumayo were made official documents and virtually describe his personal experiences. He was a sort of Gordon when he set himself out to break the power of King Leopold over the African natives. While Brussels was sending insulting messages to the Foreign Office, Casement was collecting the damning evidence which was to appal the Chanceries of Europe. Natives were being tortured to make up the supply of rubber. Whole villages had fled into other territory. Populations he had known in his first years as a consul had disappeared. Relentlessly and remorselessly he reported. Lord Lansdowne could use his reports to give England a deserved reputation for moral determination and just indignation in the world. The Belgians received a diplomatic shock. Casement received the Michael and George and was treated to some revilement in Belgian Catholic circles and Irish-American papers. He seemed to them to be a lying agent preparing the way for the absorption of the Congo and the Congo trade into the British pouch. His Radical friends had come into power, though it is not true to say that "Dilke was a member of the new Cabinet" in 1906. In spite of King Edward's wishes Dilke had been excluded by Campbell-Bannerman. However, Casement was on the top of the way, and he might have chosen a career in any capital he wished. He was offered many consulships. He was a star and wore a star. He could have gone to Stockholm, but he preferred to take his holiday in Ireland, where he developed an intensity of Irish Nationalism far in advance of any political brand.

When ominous rumours were meantime rising from the swamps of the Amazon, it was to Casement that the British Government looked for written truth. Only Casement could have penetrated the No Man's Land lying between the three South American Republics, a district racked with malaria and fevers, where an Indian population of fifty thousand were being slowly exterminated with torture and oppression in order to supply civilization with rubber. The Congo was an orderly Paradise in comparison with the horrors of Putumayo. The long recital of these awakens the reader's sympathy for Casement to such a degree that no subsequent blunder or folly on his part can wipe away that splendid quixotic crusade which he made at the cost of all his bodily and mental health. He ran the murderers and the torturers down, exposed them mercilessly, and followed up his report by incessant demands for justice. Slow, indeed, were

the Foreign Office negotiations with Peru, and it needed a visit of Casement to America to enlist the moral power of the United States before his work of emancipation could be achieved and his nightmare laid.

He might have well turned to Ireland for rest in body and soul, but he found Ulster seething, and Mr. Gwynn turns his narrative from the banks of the Andes to the Lagan and the Liffey and the Boyne. Casement had launched himself with tremendous impetuosity into the Irish cause. Redmond would have liked to boost him as a splendid advertisement to the Irish Party, but Casement preferred Carson, and even thought of asking him to accompany him to Cork. He thought that he and Carson could respect each other as perfectly honest and fearless. He delighted in the gun-running of the Covenanters and saw the wonderful chance which it offered to arm the Nationalists. It was the swerving of the officers at the Curragh in their allegiance which gave him the idea of seeking to turn Irish prisoners from their allegiance in the German prison camps. It is with this mad idea that his public memory is chiefly concerned. He believed that an Irish brigade could be formed under the German standards analogous to the Irish brigades which had fought for France and Spain. But the old brigades had been recruited from Ireland direct and not from prisoners via the British army. It was asking too much of human nature to expect men, who had been dragged through the flow of war, to throw themselves back with the ebb.

Casement was a fierce and quixotic idealist, and he allowed nothing to stand in his way once he had embarked on a cause. He had looked on the British Foreign Office not as a means of his own advancement but as a powerful instrument for breaking King Leopold in the Congo or punishing the fiends of the Putumayo. When he took up the Irish cause, he had endeavoured to persuade the Hamburg Line to make the Queenstown call, which had been dropped by the Cunard. Herein he was secretly thwarted by the Foreign Office and henceforth he was to go every length possible until he dropped his own down a rope's end in Pentonville.

When the success of the Curragh revolt made Redmond turn in despair to armed volunteers, Casement seems to have been ubiquitous. He advised Redmond to place General Kelly-Kenny at the head of the volunteers, helped to plan the gun-running to Howth and set out to plot his own schemes in America. He was already in touch with the German ambassador in Washington. The war broke out while he was in America, and thenceforth he was lifted and tossed on the fierce eddies, yet preserving his personality amid the welter and by direct action tearing the Irish Question out of political submergence into international limelight. He made his fantastic journey to Germany, "travelling with a false American passport and escorted by a young Norwegian sailor who had already been bribed to betray him."

Thenceforward he seemed only anxious to score off Carson and Smith by getting himself executed from the text of their words. But when he was caught after desperate attempt to avert a rising and a blood-orgy in Ireland, there was no humour left in England. His execution alone proved to the Germans that he was not a British spy and to the Irish-Americans that he had averted a general rising out of regard for Ireland alone. His was a fierce and stormy life amid captives and prisons and instruments of punishment devised for man by man, until he found himself in a prison himself. In his short lifetime he had given the world material for another chapter for Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.'

On one point Denis Gwynn challenges the unfortunate use which was made of a diary to prove Casement a moral pervert. It was not playing the



game, for the simple reason that the British Government never faced Casement with it. His champions and supporters were shown photographic copies and withdrew sorrowing. To a large extent it prejudiced him in the eyes of a public who believed they had perfect justification for his blood. Certainly they had on legal grounds alone, though whether his execution helped England any more than his vain efforts helped Germany may be queried.

Now what was the real history of that diary? We were with John Quinn soon after he was shown the facsimile and he recognized the handwriting. We ourselves declined to read it when offered. It was a dreadful puzzle at the time. Not till after the execution was the truth remembered. Among the Putumayan documents which Casement had submitted was a noisome category of moral derelictions on the part of one of the South American fiends on his black list. Naturally it could not be published by the Foreign Office, but, unfortunately, it fell into the hands of those who, quite unwittingly or not, believed that the pages referred to Casement's acts himself. No more than a recorder of crime can be arraigned for those identical crimes. Casement could be proven a traitor, and his action among the Irish prisoners in Germany was "an ugly blot upon his career," but to convict him as a pervert on the ground of what was his handwriting in a secondary sense was as clumsy as the effort to prove Parnell a sympathizer with murderers on the ground of a letter which his secretary probably wrote (as secretaries often write) in Parnell's hand in the course of his correspondence. The fair and generous thing now for Englishmen, whose fame Casement inscribed in letters in the Book of Humanity as imperishable as the rivers of the Congo and the Amazon, is to call him every name but that.

SHANE LESLIE

## A MODERN FRENCH PHILOSOPHY

*Interprétation du Monde Moderne.* By Maurice Simart. Bibliothèque de Philosophie Scientifique. 12 fr.

FROM the title you might expect a scientific analysis of the post-war world: but you would be disappointed if you did. The fact is that this work is a member of a species which has become extremely rare. The philosophy which purports not merely to expound certain speculative truths, but to provide, as it were, a handbook to the whole of life was the glory of the ancient world from the days of the Sophists to the time when Christianity closed the Schools. It is almost unknown to-day.

Nevertheless, with the decline in Christianity, it was bound to reappear: the words with which this book begins—"Ce livre se présente comme un système du monde et une règle de vie"—are perhaps portentous. Perhaps the Sophists have returned.

The book divides itself naturally into two parts: the système du monde is the first: in the second, the règle de vie is rather to seek. There are, indeed, chapters "de la morale," "de la politique," "du bonheur," "de l'amitié," etc., in the traditional manner of the rhetoricians: but there are also chapters 'de l'Europe' and 'du cinéma et du T. S. F.' Instead of a règle de vie we seem to find a series of essays—articles one is almost inclined to call them, for their connexion in style with modern journalism is clear—on the various subjects in which the author is interested.

There is nothing which pleases a Frenchman more than a good dilemma, and M. Simart is no exception to the rule. The opening chapter, 'De Dieu,' begins with one which leaves the reader astonished with its sweeping character: you must either believe in

God (Croire en Dieu total) or else you must be an atheist: there is, we are told, no alternative.

It is therefore a little unfortunate that M. Simart fails to state his dilemma consistently and thereby provides an alternative: in one place the Deistic choice is represented as the belief in an anthropomorphic God (p. 14)—a père "éternel à grande barbe" (p. 15): in another (p. 16) the choice is represented as follows: "Dieu ne peut être que le grand tout ou zéro." As if the père éternel à grande barbe could be consistently represented as a "grand tout."

Nor are M. Simart's arguments against the Deistic alternative at all convincing: he believes that Deism must take refuge in no blind faith: but he fails to appreciate that materialism, too, is not above reproach. It must always fail to explain the existence of thought. To look forward to the day when we shall be able "franchir le pont qui mène de l'inanimé au vivant" is to fail to appreciate that the problem is not scientific but logical. And to accept the theory of the heredity of acquired characteristics because if one rejects it "plus rien ne s'explique sans dieu" betrays a naïveté which atheists would do well to avoid.

Nevertheless, the value of the work is far from being ruined by its faulty philosophy: in the practical chapters the writer gives the reader the benefit of an observant and critical mind, impartially applied to some of the leading topics of the day. If he is not an expert in any one subject, at least M. Simart has all the Frenchman's ability to see the wood in spite of the trees; he is always stimulating: sometimes brilliant, as in the essay 'De la peinture': and once, at least, in 'de la Mort' his words have real beauty and pathos. Still, he would have done well to study the case for religious belief a little more seriously before he attempted to make an Aunt Sally of Mother Church.

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## ANALYSIS OF AMBIGUITY

*Seven Types of Ambiguity.* By William Empson. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

"I CAN explain all the poems that ever were invented," said Humpty Dumpty in 'Alice Through the Looking-Glass,' and Mr. Empson puts forward what appears to be a very similar claim for methods which he regards as being analytical. First of all he propounds a quite necessary definition of the sense in which he wishes the word "ambiguity" to be understood throughout the book. "I propose to use the word in an extended sense and shall think relevant to my subject any consequence of language, however slight, which adds some nuance to the direct statement of prose." He is certainly as good as his word: so much so, indeed, that the irreverent reader may find further support for the idea that Lewis Carroll laid the foundation of Mr. Empson's theories of literary criticism and appreciation—particularly as applied to poetry. For, again, did not Humpty Dumpty remark "when I use a word . . . it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

But Mr. Empson has "extended" the significance of ambiguity so as to make it cover all possible meanings of words or phrases and also all the suggestions which may be evoked in the mind of a reader by even a single line of poetry.

Thus to the line from 'Macbeth,' "Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to th' Rookie wood," Mr. Empson appends the following observations: "Various similar sounds or associations may be noted; there is a suggestion of witches' broth, or curdling blood, about *thickens* which the vowel sound of *light* coming next to it, with the movement of stirring treacle, and the cluck of the K-sounds, intensify: a suggestion, too, of harsh limpid echo, and under careful feet of poachers, an abrupt crackling of sticks. The vowel sounds at the end make an increasing darkness as the *crow* goes forward." Of all this the author says, "Personally, I am pleased and given faith by this analysis because it has made something which seemed to me magic into something which seems to me sensible."

If apology be needed for so extended (in the Empsonian sense) a quotation, it must be offered in the form of pointing out the advantage of the author's system; by which one can get such a lot for one's money out of a bare single line of poetry. It also may suggest that Shakespeare wrote a good deal better (and considerably more) than he knew. A disciple of Mr. Empson would find man's allotted span of life too short for full appreciation of the collected works of any prolific author!

Of Meredith and Browning he remarks that they affect him "as novel-writers of merit with no lyrical inspiration at all," while Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats appear to him to have been permanently (and boringly) afflicted each with his own particular *idée fixe*. The reader will search disappointedly and in vain for any definition, however lengthy, of the meaning attached by the author to "inspiration"; an authoritative definition of which might have saved humanity much perennial discussion.

Throughout the book Mr. Empson's mind seems torn by a conflict between a theoretic urge to dissect and lay bare the skeleton of any literary idea and the uncontrollable influence of a peculiarly vivid and wayward imagination. His particular reasoning tells him that "what is needed for literary satisfaction is not 'this is beautiful because of such and such a theory'; but 'this is all right, I am feeling correctly about this; I know the kind of way in which it is meant to be affecting me.'" Then will come a line of poetry followed by a page-long importation of purely subjective reactions and "ambiguities"; which seem to the ordinary mind to run very far afield from the intentions of the poet, and

Mr. Empson is severely serious about it all. No spark of humour illuminates the book (not even when he claims for his method that by it readers of modern poetry may decide whether any particular poet is or is not merely a charlatan). Indeed, we are told that parody is a useful form of literary criticism—reference to the fun of it evidently would be out of place in so serious a work.

He falls foul of the common use and understanding of the term "atmosphere." In fact he seems to think that critics use it merely in order to evade difficulties of explanation of the merits or demerits of a work—as blessed a word as Mesopotamia. The belief in atmosphere as a thing that analysis cannot hope to do anything with but ignore it and that criticism can only state that it is there, in part explains, Mr. Empson thinks, the "badness of much nineteenth-century poetry, and how it came to be written by critically sensitive people."

He dwells on what he considers to be a "conflict" between the scientific (technical) and æsthetic points of view. But, surely, some sort of technique is inherent in and necessary to all forms of art; and intelligent appreciation of it is needed for the fullest enjoyment of any artistic work?

A musical chord, we are told, can be either felt or thought. "And it requires practice to do both at once." It is all very bewildering, this search for bare bones and simultaneous soarings into imaginative empyreans. Mr. Empson's own conclusion is that "The machinations of ambiguity are among the very roots of poetry."

## THE SPHINX WITHOUT A SECRET

*The National History of France: The Second Republic and Napoleon III.* By René Arnaud. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

ON the morrow of the collapse of the Second Empire, the SATURDAY REVIEW observed of the fallen Emperor that he had, like all political gamblers, "thrown the dice once too often," and went on to remark that "his ascent to power and his fall were equally caused by his reliance on his skill in playing on the national peculiarities of Frenchmen." This judgment is substantially the same as that of M. Arnaud in his present volume. He does not like Napoleon III, but he strives to be fair to him, yet when all is said and done the Emperor was merely a political gambler who drew on the resources of France for his stake money, and in the end left that country infinitely the poorer for his twenty years' rule.

The fall of the July Monarchy had taken the middle class by surprise. Louis Philippe had been its nominee, and, since the revolutionaries would have none of the Comte de Paris, it had no one with whom to replace him. In these circumstances, the only course open was to bide its time, and to take advantage of any opportunity that might offer. It wished to safeguard the political and social advantages which it had secured at the Revolution, and had reaffirmed in 1830, but it had no desire to see the pendulum swing so far to the Left as to bring into power the advocates of a social upheaval. It was, in short, prepared, at any rate for the moment, to acquiesce in the establishment of a republic so long as the ensuing changes were confined to the political sphere. As soon, however, as it became clear that property was in danger, all the individualist instincts of the Frenchman were outraged, and he began to look for a defender. This gave Napoleon his chance to enact the part that his uncle had played fifty years before, and once more a Bonaparte was hailed as the saviour of society. The Prince-President was in the same position as Napoleon I after the 18th Brumaire, or Signor Mussolini after the March on Rome, but



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unlike them he was not a realist, and he did not know what to do with the victory that he had won, so he made himself Emperor. The Second Empire thus came into existence with a purely negative programme (to combat revolution), and this was the distinguishing feature of its whole career.

Thiers described the Imperial regime as "a monarchy on its knees before democracy," and a more recent writer has not hesitated to term it "monarchy standing on its head." It was, in effect, such a mass of contradictions that its retention of power for so long over the most logical people in Europe is one of the mysteries of history. Abroad, Napoleon attempted to revive the policy of Louis XIV, while his court bore a marked resemblance to that of Louis XV. He proclaimed his son Prince Imperial as if he were monarch by hereditary right, and yet in the very last months of his reign he held a plebiscite which was, in fact, a vote of confidence on the Empire itself. He began by declaring that his government was synonymous with peace, and he waged war in Russia, Italy, China and Mexico, and finally led his fellow-countrymen to the worst military disaster in their history. Such paradoxes could be continued almost indefinitely, and they can only be explained by the fact that the Emperor never knew his own mind, and when, in Bismarck, he met a man who was never in doubt, the Imperial system, and all for which it stood, collapsed like a house of cards.

Those who may be inclined to shed a tear over fallen greatness, and to regret the glories, tinsel though they were, of Imperial France, would do well to ask themselves what single benefit, save the beautification of Paris, Napoleon III conferred upon his country. His foreign policy was disastrous from whatever point of view it may be regarded. He wasted men and money in wars by which France could not possibly derive any advantage, and by the unification of Germany and Italy, both due to his blundering, he raised a problem for which the Quai d'Orsay is still labouring to find a solution. At home his government very definitely lowered the whole tone of French public life, and he must bear the blame for that succession of political and financial scandals which has disgraced the Third Republic, in that he prepared the ground in which the subsequent corruption has thrived. Above all, he precipitated the catastrophe from which France has never really recovered. There have, indeed, been few monarchs whose rule has been more unfortunate for their subjects than Napoleon III, and the only parallel in recent history for the Second Empire is probably the Germany of Wilhelm II, not least because of the similarity of character of the two emperors.

M. Arnaud has done his work well. He has neither omitted any relevant facts, nor has he overburdened his book with unnecessary detail. The background is faithfully depicted, and although the vigour of the original French has necessarily lost something in translation, the clarity and precision of the author's style have been faithfully conveyed to the English reader. Very wisely, perhaps, M. Arnaud has made no attempt to point the moral, which is, surely, how little indication a Frenchman's vote is to his real views, and how difficult is the position of a dictator who seizes a crown. The events of September, 1870, proved that the plebiscite of the previous May had no meaning, and the lesson is one that modern French statesmen would do well not to forget. Napoleon III was, too, little more than a crowned dictator, for his claim to the throne by hereditary right was hardly taken seriously, even by himself. Like the Greek *Tyrannos* he lacked the bed-rock of a loyal nobility, and the religious and social sanction which that gives. He had no real backing save that produced by the fear that his disappearance would mean revolution, and when the latter became preferable to his rule he fell.

CHARLES PETRIE

## GOD

### IN CHRISTIAN THOUGHT AND EXPERIENCE

by

the Rev. W. R. Matthews, D.D.

This remarkable book is by no means intended only for professed theologians, but for all readers who are interested in the problem of consciousness and of man's relation to the Universe. Its scope is as wide as its analysis is searching, but though it deals with the profoundest of the questions which every thinking man has to face, the Author presents the results of his learning in wonderfully simple language, and his argument is as clear as it is arresting.

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εἰς δὲ νῆες

πολλὰ ἐν ἀμφιάλῳ Ἰθάκῃ, νέαι ἢ δὲ παλαιαὶ  
τάων μὲν ἐγὼν ἐπιόβομαι ἢ τις ἀρίστη.

There are many ships,  
Both new and old, in sea-girt Ithaca,  
I'll choose you out the best.

So Mr. Masfield opens with a quotation from the *Odyssey*, 'and bump! he drops to a new level:

The ship-building firm of Messrs. W. H. Potter and Co. was established by the late Mr. W. H. Potter on the island of Queen's Dock, Liverpool, in the year 1860. It usually found employment for four hundred and fifty or five hundred workers. . . .

And up and down we go throughout the book, as the history of Mr. Potter's four-masted barque is told for us in prose with bits of it, fore and aft, translated into verse undistinguished even by Mr. Masfield's authentic fire. A fair sample comes from the setting forth. First in prose (page 12):

On Thursday, the 15th of October, the ship was moved to a berth in the Birkenhead Alfred Dock, ready to sail. For some days of that week these islands had been swept by gales of great violence with unusual rain. On the Friday, the 16th, when Mr. Potter and some of his family went on board the *Wanderer* to drink tea with Captain Currie, it was blowing so hard from the West that the Mersey Ferry traffic was disturbed; there were many shipping casualties along the coast, and a man was drowned in the Mersey, not far from the landing stage. It was such wild weather, that (it is said) Mr. Potter recommended Captain Currie to stay in dock until the Monday, the 19th. According to the story, Captain Currie answered that the 17th of October would be the anniversary of his sailing in the *Wayfarer*, and that he looked upon it as his lucky day.

And then in verse (page 14):

Her builder and owner drank tea with her captain below.  
He said "Are you bent upon sailing at morning's full flood?"

And Currie, the captain, said "Surely determined to sail."

Her owner replied: "It is stormy, and something within

Warns me that worse is approaching; much worse, I imagine.

Stay until Monday, and give the gale time to blow over."

Then Currie replied, "Sir, to-morrow is my lucky day. The seventeenth day of October, just five years ago,

I first took the *Wayfarer* out, at her first putting forth,

A fortunate day to a fortunate voyage and ship.

I trust to the luck of to-morrow, and sail, storm or no."

"So," said her owner, "So be it: good fortune go with you.

But still I am sorry you cannot delay till it clear."

Storm, successful voyages, storm and more voyages, and finally total loss by ramming in the Elbe; and Mr. Masfield the poet is in again at the death. After her wreck, the *Wanderer* still wanders, the symbol of

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If his small but true lyric note seems to have been overlaid, Mr. Masefield still keeps his merit as a storyteller; and as a record for retired sea-captains or a story for boys, 'The Wanderer' serves well enough. As a work of art I do not know that it ranks much higher than Poetical Pye's 'Naucratis'; or Naval Dominion, the last maritime effort (in three parts) of a Poet Laureate and a country gentleman. It is, in short, 'Sea-Fever' rewritten for the hundredth time.

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Methuen. 6s.

*Things That Annoy Me.* By E. V. Knox.  
Methuen. 5s.

MY impulse, when these four books came my way, was to make them the text of an essay against essays, to inveigh against what especially of recent years seems too often less a literary form than a journalistic disease. I wanted to expose it as a bladder of wind blown into being for no better reason than the necessity to fill so much space with print. I would glance back into the ancestry of the abomination to show how Montaigne and Bacon created it as a vehicle of sense as well as for personality, how Addison and Steele commercialized it, how Lamb and Hunt conspired to debauch it for their own selfish satisfactions, how Hazlitt and Macaulay sought to reform it by directing it towards literary criticism, and how Stevenson barred the way and turned it—poor thing!—back into the hands of its modern "masters." These last I then meant to expose as the exponents of style without matter, as lacking any values but the values of the momentary mood, as essentially saying nothing but receiving applause for saying it so charmingly. I would have left them without a leg to stand on, without even a nib to put to paper.

Alas, in a weak moment, I began to read, unfortunately with Mr. Lucas. He, more than most, gives one substance, writes about something. It was his admirable choice of subjects—for at home or abroad, in the street or in the library, he is supremely the discoverer of unconsidered trifles—which, no less than his amiable personality, caught me, as always, in his spell, turning my acerbity to sweetness. Thus, fortunately perhaps, I came disarmed to Mr. Lynd, who is much more the typical essayist in that Irish argumentativeness which leads him so often simply to take the other side, to declare one thing right just because someone has declared it wrong, or wrong because someone has said that it is right. He is the inflexible champion of what he sees as common sense against what he sees as abstract theory, and one tires occasionally of his fondness for patting the prejudices of "the average man" on the back and giving them his blessing. He seems always anxiously to be "restoring proportion"; I

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have never quite understood what the duties of a "Moderator" are, but I am sure that Mr. Lynd would fill the post admirably.

In theory I should find Mr. Chesterton easier to applaud, for he too revolts against the modern essayist's slogan that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive," and demands the thesis beyond the small-talk. But he, one feels, fails to arrive, because what he provides is at best an illusion of covering the ground. He is, in contradistinction to Mr. Lynd, the Exaggerator. He continually draws caricatures and calls the world to witness that they are photographic truth—a trick momentarily as amusing as parody but ultimately as tedious. He looks on the bright side of his own case as persistently as a Christian Scientist. As for his opponent's case he dodges it; he is the Artful Dodger of controversy. Genius and the vitality of genius he has beyond doubt, but it is a genius for words and not for meaning. "Verbal coincidence" is his bane. Sound for him is meaning. The pun makes the pundit.

Mr. E. V. Knox is, of course, as usual—the inimitable "Evoc." Whether he writes on psychoanalysis, murder tales, "Cinemese," or the vocabulary of house agents, he keeps an astonishingly high level of fun. But he is a humorist rather than an essayist proper, for there is a difference, though the essayist is seldom lacking in humour. That is indeed the essayist's salvation, and why, coming to curse, one stays to bless. How can you hit a man who makes you laugh? I have laughed over all these volumes, and now—they will make admirable Christmas presents!

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IN art (it is an old saying) a little is more than much. When a poet (who died when he was but five years older than Shelley, and, because he was the reverse of precocious, developed slowly and reached his maturity late) finishes his life untimely and, for all these reasons, leaves an almost equally small volume of work, not only do we prize the slender legacy but we also find it doubly precious; its quality is enhanced because its quantity is small. Who would not rather possess a beautiful fragment than have answered, literally, the lover's in 'Twelfth Night' passionate prayer:

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria, could command his musicians. They repeated to him the music for which he asked, but, no sooner had they begun the strain a second time, than he interrupted them, crying:

Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

What a warning! and how often is it lost both upon the Methuselahs of letters and upon their biographers! The Muse, for all her sternness, was kind both to Flecker and to us. She let him live long enough to do the best work of which, probably, he was capable. She left undestroyed enough record of him to make us wish for more. No editor of his letters, no biographer of his life, without the most blatant padding, can ever make Flecker seem a bore. The veterans of literature have not always been so fortunate. We turn to this new batch of letters with appetite, because Flecker's letters are rare.

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This is a tall slim book, with many snapshots (taken by the poet himself) of the various places on the Eastern Mediterranean when he paused on his travels; some of these photographs include glimpses of T. E. Lawrence and other intimate friends; but the book is remarkable for the form which Mrs. Flecker has chosen, a form that deserves to be called an original: the charming idea not so much of editing the letters in the usual editorial way, with explanations in brackets or footnotes of comment, but of weaving all she has cared to tell us into a series of inter-chapters which interleave the series and place the correspondence in a setting of narrative, like a portrait in a graceful frame. These chapters and the letters are, as it were, dovetailed into one another, and from their embrace springs the unity of this delightful book. The form is a pretty invention; and, should the chance have been offered because few of Flecker's letters have survived, only a sensitive imagination could have changed the problem into a property so happily. The Muse, you see, in the act of taking away bestows her daintiest gifts. I recall no batch of letters that has been edited more originally.

The author of 'Hassan' and of 'The Golden Journey to Samarkand' was, in essence, an Edwardian, that is to say an evening star in the Victorian sky, a pre-war poet, one of those (we must not forget) who were feeling the volcanic disturbances of which the War itself was only the final eruption in Europe. So his dates become important to define his period, and to limit the generation to which he belonged. Flecker was born in 1884 and, after being educated both at Oxford and at Cambridge—he arrived on the banks of the Cam in order to qualify himself in Oriental languages when his formal education had been finished—having gone out to Constantinople, he fell a victim to consumption, went to Switzerland and died at Davos, a husband of ten years' standing, in 1921. Bearing these facts in mind, and recalling that his letters and post-cards were numerous and often explosive, ebullitions of feeling and records of mood, the sort of letters that he might have been half-amused and half-annoyed to know would ever appear (without any revision) in cold print, there is no temptation to take his more astonishing expressions with the wrong kind of seriousness. He was not always uttering considered opinions in these notes. He was often giving vent to the caprice of a moment; this might be a spark of irritation or, equally, a flash of genuine poetic fire. Now this state of mind was not merely human, merely a trick of his own, merely a sign of ill-health or of the feverish high spirits that consumption likewise produces; it was, no doubt, a little of each, but it was also symptomatic of his generation. All who were born in the eager 'eighties were born in an awkward age. The most frightful and most interesting example known to readers was the late Frederick Keeling, a man the exact opposite of Rupert Brooke; a Fabian as opposed to a poet but, to put it humorously, reflected (in his impatience at the rest of mankind) by the poet in his early sonnet upon a railway carriage when Brooke exclaimed:

Opposite me two Germans sweat and snore.

Poor Keeling, whose own letters are a "document" of extraordinary and painful interest, will always be remembered by those who knew him, before he became a great soldier, as a lovable but excessively awkward young man. There was no mistake he did not make, no knot he did not tighten, and no effort that he ever spared. As was said of one of his surviving acquaintances by an experienced Cambridge tutor: "No one had greater difficulties; no one tried harder to overcome them." Flecker, being a poet, escaped the abysses that nearly

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engulfed poor Keeling and made him such an anxiety to his family and his friends, but even in Flecker's poetry we cannot help being impressed by the combination of vivid detail with the glamour of exotic and languorous dream; and in these letters we find, chiefly, vividness, jerkiness, opulence—and unrest: Poetry, editors, money-worries, his play take much vivid space. They prove that Flecker attained unity chiefly in the happy moments of poetic creation, and the letters are to be prized because they show, in the main, that the poet had his prosaic moments, that he was something of an ungainly schoolboy still in his temperament; most of all, that a dash of poetry can conquer the stiffest of elements so that none need be sorry or despair whom an awkward generation has infected, none imagine that unity is impossible because its quest is hard, that difficulties (in proportion to their hardness, and the hardest are all self-originated) are really other than glorious opportunities disguised. The form that Mrs. Flecker has invented for the letters themselves is an indication of this, and we cannot be too grateful to her for the unobtrusive skill with which she has, whether deliberately or by inspiration, thus pointed the moral of Flecker's correspondence. There is no index, and there ought to be!

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*This Human Nature.* By Charles Duff. Toulmin. 12s. 6d.

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MR. CHARLES DUFF introduced himself to the world a couple of years ago as the author of a cheery little 'Handbook on Hanging,' and in his new book, a history, commentary, and exposition of its subject "from the earliest times to the present day," he seems largely concerned to show that it is in fact but a short step from hanging to human nature—or rather, from human nature to hanging. Rousseau, like Mr. H. G. Wells, believed in the powers of education and environment to mould human nature. Mr. Duff has his doubts. On the surface, yes, but no deeper than the "bloom" of life itself upon the vast ball of the earth! Man's essential impulses have always been selfishness and pride—both self-preservative instincts at bottom—and though these have in the course of many civilizations been schooled a little they need only the threat of danger, the excitement of mass-feeling, to appear as starkly naked as ever. Throughout this principally chronological account of the forces exerted to shape human nature in the course of man's recorded history, the author continually refers to contemporary parallels in a way calculated to prick any bubbles of a complacent pride. The Devils in man, and both Religion and Science find it easier to quarrel each with the other than to serve an effective ejection order. Human nature, says Mr. Duff, will "go on and on and on and on"; so long as men and women are born of the flesh "they will laugh and weep, they will fight and hate and love one another just as we do."

He does not find this necessarily a melancholy conclusion, and certainly his record is anything but that. Its aim is not primarily amusement, but he takes it as it comes, and even at times goes a little unnecessarily out of his way to look for it. The book is, in short, a lighter and brighter outline of history which pays special attention to the more revealing oddities of human behaviour in every age. Particularly good are the comments upon the respective influences of Hell, the Inquisition and Modern Business in the development of social hypocrisy.

But is Mr. Duff right in his conclusions? He admits a great cultural as opposed to a biological change—men control their primitive emotions more easily, they are less prone to thoughtless cruelty, they are more apt to suffer remorse. Does it go no farther than that? "What about the man or woman," asks Mr. Powys, who in his quite different way is also concerned with human nature, "who instinctively, without a second's hesitation, will offer a life for a life and die for someone who is perhaps a complete stranger?" Is not human nature, as Mr. Duff expounds it, here utterly transmuted or transcended? It is a question which both Mr. Duff and Mr. Powys unite to beg, the former putting it out of court as too exceptional, the latter dismissing it as a future hope rather than a present reality. More solemn than Mr. Duff, Mr. Powys is concerned to offer the world a purely secular philosophy of self-sufficient happiness, at once epicurean and stoical in its attitude to Good and Evil, openly acknowledging his teaching as morally lower than that of Jesus but claiming it as better suited to a humanity still situate "midway between the life of the plants and the life of the gods." His creed will undoubtedly appeal to many modern minds who will take the trouble to apprehend it. He is less readable than Mr. Duff, but his book is the more fundamental and valuable. In its quite different way it begins where Mr. Duff leaves off.

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## MODERN ARABIA

*Arabia.* By H. St. J. B. Philby. Benn. 18s.  
*The Holy Cities of Arabia.* By Eldon Rutter.  
 Putnam. 15s.

THE appearance at the same time of these two volumes is fortunate, for they are written along different lines and may be regarded as complementary. Mr. Philby's book is a contribution to Messrs. Benn's 'Modern World' series, which already includes Dean Inge's 'England' and Mr. Sisley Huddleston's 'France,' and is a study of the events from the beginning of the eighteenth century which led up to the present situation in Arabia. Those who wish for a clear, if dry, statement of the historical side of the question, which may help them to an understanding of the position in Iraq, will turn to this book.

Mr. Eldon Rutter's, on the other hand, is a book of travel and is more likely to interest the general reader. Mr. Rutter describes his journey down from Suez, across the Red Sea, and up the coast of Arabia with considerable detail, dwelling particularly on his visits to Mecca and El Medina, the holy cities, for his journey was also a pilgrimage; and he gives a very full and interesting account of the manners and customs of these places, the character of the people, and the organization of their religion. In the present state of the Near East it is not without interest to hear that a sheik from Egypt, in answer to a question about the alleged unpopularity of the English in his country, pronounced the following encomium: "The English are estimable people. Wallah, estimable; Each one knows his work and he works. As for the fellahin, they like the English. If there be anything which you wish to have rectified, the Englishman will listen to you; and if he accepts your view, he will rectify the matter without a bribe."

As a minor point it is to be noted that the confusing lack of uniformity in the English spelling of common Arabic words exists here as elsewhere. We are now used to the pronunciation of "harem" as "harim," and it is therefore no surprise to find it spelt "hareem," but what Mr. Rutter calls the Koran Mr. Philby calls the Quran, and the now familiar being whom we call a sheik (who, however, is not a handsome young Arab prince, but is defined as "Elder, chief, professor, old man") is to Mr. Philby a shaikh and to Mr. Rutter a shaykh. To attempt to approximate the English spelling as closely as possible to the Arabic pronunciation is perhaps a laudable endeavour, but so long as there is no agreement about what that spelling should be, ordinary people will continue to speak of sheiks and Koran, and will be content to defer changing until the authorities have made up their minds.

## CHURCH AND STATE

*Church, State and Study.* By Ernest Barker.  
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PROFESSOR ERNEST BARKER tells us in his Preface that the volume consists, for the most part, of a series of articles and lectures written and delivered by him at various times. It is doubtful if the value of a book of miscellaneous and unconnected matter can be great, and though at first glance this appears to be just such a book, further investigation shows that the essays have been so arranged as to form a connected whole, which, in general terms, may be said to deal with the history of the theory of society. There are three themes linked together by transitional pieces: (1) Church and State in History. (2) The Theory and Politics of the Modern State. (3) Education.

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Under the title of 'The Roman Conception of Empire,' the writer briefly treats of the period of Rome's greatness, with particular reference to the religious and ethical movements of the times and their relationships with the State. Writing about the Christian Church of that day, Professor Barker says that "the State, if it was to survive at all, could only survive by making the Church its ally; thus the Roman Empire was driven in its last days by the mere instinct of self-preservation to adopt a religious creed as the basis—the only basis—on which it could still remain in existence. It sought to survive as an empire by becoming also, and indeed primarily, a Church. In the new religious temper of the times this was the only solution. The Church, which entirely approved of the State now that it had ceased to find its basis in the worship of a deified emperor, was only too anxious to seize this opportunity of putting their mutual relationship on a friendly and intimate footing; it proceeded forthwith to offer itself as a world religion, and, as the writer shows in the subsequent chapter, it is this very claim to catholicism which is the real cause of the remarkable unity of medieval civilization. Another chapter deals with a Huguenot theory of Politics with special reference to an anonymous work—'Vindiciæ Contra Tyrannos'—which contains a philosophy of liberty in Church and State—well might the poor Huguenot talk of Liberty! From the Huguenot of France we pass to the Puritan of England—the essay deals with the pros and cons of the strict Puritan rule of life and its effect on the government of the country.

The Burge Memorial Lecture for the year 1927, entitled "Christianity and Nationality," forming a bridge of transition to the second section of the book, is very fine both in matter and composition. The writer traces the relationship between Christianity and Nationality, and closes by drawing the conclusion that "the work of Christianity, in its relation to Nationality, is that Christianity should penetrate more and more

the spirit of each nation, and that, upon that basis, a common Christian effort should play its part in ensuring that common understanding among the nations which is at once the root and the fruit of any abiding friendship."

"It is perhaps not an untrue saying that the State has generally been discredited in England." The essay on this subject of the discredited State, like the subsequent essay on the 'Rule of Law,' was written in 1914, just prior to the outbreak of the Great War, and the writer does not hesitate to announce in a footnote that the experience of the last sixteen years has altered any theory he may have had when he wrote the paper—the theories he held in 1914 are, indeed, of special interest. "The discredit of the State is a sign that it has done its work well, and is doing its work well. The State will come into credit again with a rush, at the double, as soon as it is seen to be doing its work badly." A second bridge of transition—to the realms of Education—argues the necessity of co-operation in the mind of the historian between the hard and fast facts of History and philosophic study of those facts, that the writing of History may not be:

That frost of fact by which our wisdom gives,  
Correctly stated death to all that lives.

The University is one of the phases of education with which Professor Barker is concerned; he advocates as large a measure of academic freedom as is compatible with law and order, so that the pursuit after Truth may be unimpeded. Finally, by way of conclusion, the writer has briefly treated on one of the most important phases of adult education—the uses of leisure. "We have all, indeed, to play our social part—to work for the community—but even to do that properly we have to retire into ourselves whenever we can, and to contemplate the why and the wherefore of what we are doing, and to think of the ends of being and of grace . . . we must dream a dream, and we must

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## SHORTER NOTICES

*Royal Homes Near London.* By Benton Fletcher. Lane. 21s.

IT is a pity that the artist-author of this book did not get somebody with a working knowledge of history to revise his writing. His picture of Anne Boleyn, for example, as the innocent surprised queen abandoned by a brutal husband, is entirely inaccurate; he can never have heard of the famous State Trial, though Froude is easily procurable in the Everyman Series. Apart from the letterpress, however, the illustrations are things of real beauty, and we are very grateful to Mr. Fletcher for his drawings of so many almost forgotten palaces within easy reach of London. *Ne sector ultra crepidam.*

*Virtue Undone.* By Frank Pollard. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

'THE Care-free Smuggler' is the sub-title of Mr. Pollard's attractive yarn of eighteenth-century adventure, and he certainly does not sacrifice realism for the sake of devising a euphemized costume piece. His narrative is spirited as well as picturesque. Romance of a full-blooded variety is intermingled with the story of the revenue cutter's campaign against the smuggler, Hurn, for Silvia, the lady to whom Lieutenant Pike aspired, had been a not unwilling passenger aboard Hurn's vessel. Here Pike fought the smugglers with this added incentive to ferocity, but the reader may be left to discover for himself the happy outcome.

*France: A Short History.* By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

MR. SEDGWICK is rather a good companion than an historian, but then he aims at companionship. His book will please anyone on holiday in France, anxious to know something, but not too much, about the country. It may be condensed, sketchy, the reverse of final, but it is good light reading especially upon the arts of France; and a tourist, tired by a hard day of sightseeing, or merely indolently happy, will find precisely the light touch and the easy generalization that he requires. To some, the book may prove an invitation to stricter histories. What more could one ask?

*Steinhauer, the Kaiser's Master Spy.* The Story as told by himself. Edited by S. T. Felstead. The Bodley Head. 18s.

CRIMINALS, detectives and spies are always supposed to write the most fascinating and unconventional memoirs. One would expect, therefore, that Herr Steinhauer, called the Kaiser's master spy, and one of the ablest officials in the German Secret Service, would have many interesting observations to relate. There is so much talk to-day about the activities of the Intelligence Service, attempts have repeatedly been made to obtain some trustworthy facts about the extension and expenditure of that detective system and its effects on international diplomacy. If the material presented in this book is authentic, one can only say that the tremendous fuss made about espionage is ridiculously exaggerated. Not that Herr Steinhauer himself thinks little of the importance of his job. It is, on the contrary, amusing to observe in how naive a self-conceit the master spy indulges, when telling his tricks and successes won in various countries, not least in England. His story is so

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interesting because it is so tiresome. How modest and mediocre those discoveries about the "secrets of the foreign powers" actually are! Only one thing is surprising: the immediate danger in which the Kaiser constantly moved, particularly when abroad. Apparently in order to reconcile the reader, who may have been disappointed by the first part of this voluminous book, the author adds a number of chapters containing attractive and amusing glimpses on the ex-Kaiser's intimate life.

*Essays of the Year 1929-30.* Argonaut Press. 5s.

THOUGH most of the essays given here will no doubt eventually appear in the volumes of the individual authors, it was a good notion to make a collection of this kind, and the result is a most entertaining book. The essay, suggestive but not conclusive, is (in spite of Addison and Sir Thomas Browne) essentially a modern form, and the true essayist reminds you of Hazlitt's description of Coleridge as a conversationalist—"excellent talker, yes, if you allow him to start from no premises and arrive at no conclusion." The majority of the essays in this collection are light in texture, and those who wish for conclusions must go elsewhere, unless they would like to know the conclusions of Mr. A. A. Milne on asparagus. The range of selection is wide, but there are some unaccountable omissions; there is nothing, for instance, from Mr. Lucas, Mr. Wilfrid Whitten, Mr. Arnold Bennett, or Mr. Chesterton. But we are glad to find that the volume concludes with a study by Mr. Birrell of the late Lord Balfour, a perfect piece of birrelling which rounds off a very pleasant book.

*The Arrow of Glenyon: The Life of Alasdair MacGregor of Glenstrae.* By A. A. W. Ramsay. Murray. 6s.

IT is a stirring story that Dr. Ramsay has to tell of the last great chief of the MacGregors prior to the merciless proscription of that unhappy clan for the period of his chieftainship covered a most important age in the story of the Highlands and their relations with the Scottish crown, and it was Glenstrae's fate to be mixed, often unwillingly and sometimes unwittingly, with the plots and counterplots of Argyll and Huntly, Errol and Angus, Lennox and Tullibardine and Moray, and it was as the catspaw of Argyll that he was lured to his last and greatest indiscretion and betrayed to his death. The clan MacGregor, once the largest landowners in Perthshire, were at a great disadvantage, as Dr. Ramsay points out, when the clan system of land tenure gave way to the feudal system and the great chieftains surrendered their clans' lands—of which they were at most the trustees—to the King, receiving them back from him in feudal tenure, in effect, that is, as their private property. The MacGregors at the time of change seem to have been a scattered clan with many small chiefs, but with no great man at their head in a position to act for them all. Hence in the new feudal world they were the prey of every powerful neighbour who coveted their lands, the victims of every great man who extended them his protection so that he might use them to base ends. Dr. Ramsay makes the whole economy of the Highlands in the sixteenth century very clear to us in a story which is as exciting as a romance and truer than a good many histories.

*Fighting FitzGerald and Other Papers.* By Mary MacCarthy. Secker. 10s. 6d.

IN a prefatory note to this book, Miss MacCarthy admits, with charming candour, that her principal sketch is only "a fragment of a man." We agree with Miss MacCarthy. Indeed, the other studies are no less shadowy. "Fighting FitzGerald" should not be confused with his distinguished contemporary, Lord Edward FitzGerald. The subject of this biography ended his life on the scaffold, after an inglorious



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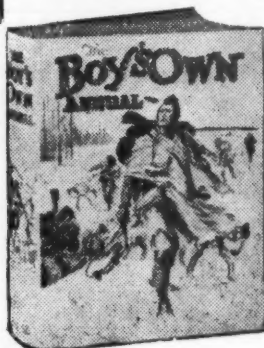
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*A Book of the Basques.* By Rodney Gallop. Macmillan. 15s.

MR. GALLOP is to be congratulated upon the first critical account of these interesting people that has appeared in the English language. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that this book is a veritable encyclopædia of all things Basque, and it should be in the hands of every visitor to Biarritz or San Sebastian. The Basques, as is common knowledge, live partly in Spain and partly in France, but it is an extraordinary fact that whereas the latter have remained peasants the former have led the way in every walk of life. Mr. Gallop has much to say upon the vexed question of the language, which he points out is not now so widely spoken as was once the case, for in the Spanish province of Alava it is little more than a memory. The author also devotes several chapters to Basque music and literature, and his book will supply a very definite want, while his impartiality makes it a model which other writers on foreign countries might copy with advantage.

## COLLECTORS' NOTES

### THE MEISSEN "KRINOLINENGRUPPEN"

By EGAN MEW

**A**FTER the years of war, fashion has taken some little time to veer towards an admiration for the historic china ware which the French call *porcelaine de Saxe* and our most august auctioneers still catalogue as Dresden and all those interested in the subject, rather than in the prices, call by the right name of Meissen.

Just lately the largest sums appear to be given for those so-called crinoline groups which began to be made in Meissen about 1740. These compositions, often based on French designs, were generally modelled by the gifted Johann Joachim Kändler, who first came to the porcelain factory in 1731. Kändler was fertile in fancies, inclined to the baroque and later the rococo in ornament, and stood for the production of modelled examples as against those painted vases and other pieces thrown on the wheel, which his director, J. G. Herold, particularly affected. Although Kändler is responsible for dozens and dozens of statuettes and figure groups produced at Meissen after 1740, none have been more fashionable, should one say, among the collectors of early continental porcelains than the Krinolinengruppen. These elegant groups usually show a prodigiously alluring lady wearing the wide panniers and gay silks beloved during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and complete with ardent gallant, negro attendant and supercilious pug dog, who views the whole affair with justifiable apprehension.

Many of the most attractive figures of the central lady in these lively compositions are said by various writers on the subject to be modelled from the once famous and beautiful Countess von Cosel, who is



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often set forth as playing towards the factory at Meissen the part that Madame de Pompadour assumed in regard to the works at Sèvres. No doubt the countess, who became for a short period the favoured mistress of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, father of Marshal de Saxe, would have been pleased that her bright eyes should reign influence over so important an undertaking as the production of porcelain in her royal lover's Electorate, and thus become more or less immortal. But the facts of history prove that, although often repeated, the idea that this lady was the Pompadour *de Saxe* is not to be entertained. Herr Oscar Wilsdorf's memoir of the Countess tells very clearly that Augustus delighted to honour her only up to the year 1713, when, having made many enemies and not having proved herself clever enough to get rid of them, she fell into disgrace and was imprisoned in the Castle of Stolpen until her death in 1765.

As the Krinolinengruppen belong to the rococo period, beginning about 1740, it is not to be supposed that Kändler, modelling about the year 1750, would be inspired by a long-forgotten personage who was never of any importance to the factory. It is true, however, in her day prior to 1713, she had services of porcelain made for her at the factory, as did, no doubt, all persons who were prominent at the court of Augustus. Among the examples of early Meissen work, brought together by the late Sir Wollaston Franks, there is a bowl made for the Countess, decorated in the Japanese style and marked especially, it appears, for her with the usual crossed swords in blue over glaze and, in unusual gold, two staves in saltire crossing an ornamental lozenge. But this work belongs to a period long before Kändler and his assistants applied their skill to the modelling of the groups of ladies, lovers, pet dogs and servitors, which have come to bear the curious name of "crinoline."

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2. What legs do when small biters share our bunk.
3. 'Twas here JUGURTHA struggled to be free.
4. Those can decipher it who have the key.
5. Lop at each end the chap who grills your steak.
6. A foreign one 'tis hard your own to make.
7. It's noxious, friends: do please take some away!
8. WILLIAM they thought a crack shot in his day.
9. With me at Christmas Tommy's tummy's lined.
10. Size and sagacity with strength combined.
11. Such want of proper care may cost him dear.
12. The cups that, not inebriating, cheer.



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1. Behold him sitting on the throne of Cyrus.
2. Curtail what does with martial ardour fire us.
3. Even though he should curse you, do not mind it.
4. Where breakers roar, where fall cascades, you'll find it.
5. To Fleet or Marshalsea his man he'd marshal.
6. Three-fifths of dust to which old beaux were partial.
7. True to his king, his country, and his party.
8. Heart of what all enjoy when well and hearty.
9. Full many a church I've spoiled, perhaps a college.
10. Behead who did not his dad's sons acknowledge.
11. With this provided, GILBEY sells you sherry.
12. Nay, such a banquet, friends, would scarce be merry.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 452

S	ha	H	<sup>1</sup> Not us only, but also the horse:—
W		Ar <sup>1</sup>	"He saith among the trumpets, Ha,
I	ll-wishe	R	ha: he smelleth the battell afarre off,
F	oa	M	and the noise of the captaines, and
T	ipstaf	F	the shouting."
S	n	Uff	Job xxxix, 18. (Geneva Bible.)
L	oya	L	<sup>2</sup> "Who said of his father, and of his
ll		Fe	mother, I have not seen him:
V	anda	L	Neither did he acknowledge his
LE	v	I <sup>a</sup>	brethren,
O	ff-licens	E	Nor knew he his own children."
N	oiseles	S	Deut. xxxiii, 9. (R.V.)

ACROSTIC No. 452.—The winner is Lady Mottram, The White House, Bessacarr, nr. Doncaster, who has selected as her prize 'The Classics in Translation,' by F. S. Smith, published by Scribners and reviewed by us on November 12.

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The appearance of the Christmas number of the Saturday Review is an appropriate occasion for commending the appeals of Charitable organizations to the generosity of readers. We specially commend those whose announcements appear in this issue

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Cheques, etc., to be crossed "Nat. Prov. Bank Ltd., Portsmouth." R.N.N.G. and Christmas parcels to the Lady Superintendent.

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

IT is with a feeling of relief that the Stock Exchange has entered into the last account of 1930. The year, now nearly completed, has been one sequence of financial disappointments and, although there still appears no very great justification for undue optimism as regards 1931, the Stock Exchange feels that it is not likely to prove as unprofitable as its predecessor. Normally in the last account of the year one is justified in expecting a fair amount of liquidation on the part of those who wish to clear up positions before the turn of the year. Prices, however, should not suffer this month very materially from this course, because it is believed that the majority of positions have already been cleared up. In fact, without exaggeration, one could almost say that the entire year has been spent in clearing up positions. While it is impossible to say definitely that all unsound positions have now been eliminated, one can say that the technical position is far sounder to-day than it has been for a considerable period and that prices are now standing at levels when further substantial falls need not be anticipated. Markets normally pass through three stages—a falling stage, a comparatively stationary stage and a rising stage. It is suggested that we have now reached the second of these. Unfortunately, conditions on the Continent and in America are likely to preclude the possibility of our entering into the third stage for some while, even if we were not hampered, as we unfortunately are, by a Socialist Government who, apparently, show no signs of realizing the paramount necessity of national economy. Whereas London led the way in falling markets after the 1929 boom, and has, it is hoped, reached bottom, so in due course will foreign centres. There are signs, however, that this stage has not yet been reached. In fact, the Paris Bourse appears to be facing a position such as that of the London Stock Exchange a year ago. Although, in these circumstances, it is impossible to indulge in undiluted optimism, the moment does appear an opportune one for those with funds available for permanent investment to turn their attention to first-class ordinary shares, with a view to locking these away at the present low levels in anticipation of eventual appreciation in price which should ensue when world conditions are once more normal.

### JOHNSON AND PHILLIPS

The one industry which appears to have been almost immune from general depression is that dealing with electricity. Great strides are being made in this country in the use of electricity, attention to which fact has often been drawn in these notes in the past when the ordinary shares of electric supply companies have been recommended for investment purposes. This expansion of electric supply and the active construction of the Central Electricity Board must be producing a golden harvest for the cable manufacturers and electrical contractors, and for this reason attention is drawn to-day to the £1 shares of Johnson and Phillips. This company has a capital of £600,000 in £1 shares. There is also £243,472 of six per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock outstanding. For the last three years dividends of ten per cent. have been paid. That

a conservative policy of dividend distribution has been followed will be appreciated from the fact that although last year's dividend was on the same scale as the two previous years, the net profits for 1929 amounted to £102,514 as compared with £55,832 for the previous year, net earnings being slightly over seventeen per cent. on the ordinary share capital. This conservative policy has enabled the directors materially to increase their carry forward, which is equivalent to over twenty per cent. on their share capital. It is believed that this company has enjoyed another good year, and, at the present level, its shares should prove well worth locking away for future capital appreciation.

### CHELTENHAM BREWERY DEBENTURE

Recently £100,000 of 5½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock of the Cheltenham Original Brewery Company was placed privately, and can now be acquired in the market in the neighbourhood of 100½. This stock appears to be a thoroughly sound and attractive brewery investment. It will be redeemed by means of an annual cumulative sinking fund of one per cent., commencing in 1931. The whole of the stock will be redeemed not later than December 31, 1967. Interest will be payable half-yearly on March 31 and September 30. These debentures are thoroughly well secured, both as regards interest and principal, and, as stated above, can be deemed a sound permanent investment.

### TIMOTHY WHITES

The 1s. Deferred Ordinary shares of Timothy Whites (1928) Limited at the present price of 1s. 9d. appear to offer scope for future capital appreciation, and as a low-priced speculative investment appear worth consideration. The report for the year ended July 31 last showed a net profit of £155,321, which was £2,247 less than for the previous twelve months. At the recent meeting Mr. Philip E. Hill, the chairman, explained that this slight setback was more than accounted for by a mild winter, free from epidemics, and an unusually wet summer, which affected the many branches of the company in seaside pleasure resorts. For the year ended July 31 last, 15 per cent. in dividends was paid on these deferred ordinary shares, and there appears no reason to assume that this dividend will not merely be maintained, but is likely to be increased over a period of years.

### DENMAN DEBENTURES

There are outstanding some £2,500,000 Denman Picture Houses 7 per cent. Guaranteed First Mortgage Debenture Stock. These debentures are unconditionally guaranteed as regards principal and interest by the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation and, showing as they do at the present price of 97½ a very substantial yield, it is suggested that they are a suitable investment for mixing purposes.

TAURUS

### COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the twenty-eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Tate and Lyle, Ltd.

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## Company Meeting

## TATE AND LYLE, LIMITED

## HEAVY FALL IN PRICE OF SUGAR—OUTPUT GREATER THAN EVER

## SIR ERNEST TATE ON THE OUTLOOK

The Twenty-eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Tate and Lyle, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Sir Ernest W. Tate, Bt. (the president) said: Ladies and gentlemen, before proceeding with the formal business of the meeting, I wish to refer to the loss which the company has sustained by the death of Lord Birkenhead. Although he had been a member of our board for only a comparatively short time, we directors thoroughly appreciated his great ability. It is needless for me to refer to his wonderful career, as that has already been done by some of the best known men in the country. I will therefore ask you to stand for a few moments as a tribute to his memory.

The meeting having stood in silence for a few moments, the chairman said: I will now call upon the secretary to read the notice convening the meeting and also the report of the auditors as required by the Companies Act.

## THE BALANCE SHEET

The secretary (Mr. Chas. R. Hutchinson) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors, the chairman said: With regard to the balance sheet which we are now here to consider, I must frankly say that it is very different to what I thought it would be when we met here this time last year, and I can assure you that it is just as disappointing to your board of directors as it will be to the general body of shareholders.

I have referred on more than one occasion to the possibility of this company having to face heavy losses upon the stocks of its chief raw material if the market value should drop, and in December, 1923, when the price of raw sugar was 36s. per cwt., I sought to justify our policy of setting aside large sums to reserve by stating that "some day we may show a very considerable loss on the large stock which we are compelled to hold in order to ensure that our refineries are kept working to the fullest extent possible."

I regret to say that the fear I then expressed has been justified but to an extent never contemplated by anyone connected with the sugar trade, the price of raw sugar having declined during our financial year from 9s. 9d. per cwt. to 4s. 9d. per cwt., that is to say, by over 50 per cent.

Some important changes have taken place in the balance sheet as compared with September 30, 1929.

Turning first to the assets side, practically all the first-class securities have been sold. As a consequence of this, and in connexion with the holdings in subsidiary and other associated companies, the Investment Reserve, which at September 30, 1929, stood at approximately £306,838, appears at September 30, 1930, at £190,910. Your directors are satisfied that the value of the interests in subsidiary and associated companies is fully equal to the figure at which they have been brought into the balance sheet less the Investment Reserve.

## SUGAR STOCKS

As regards stocks the figure is reduced from £2,619,111 in 1929 to £1,667,971 in 1930. As regards debtors, the figure is reduced from approximately £1,510,513 in 1929, to approximately £933,149 in 1930.

The smaller figures for 1930 are caused partly by a fall in the value of the commodities, and partly by the fact that we happened to hold smaller stocks and had smaller sales outstanding at the time of the balance. They are not due to a lesser volume of trade as a whole—our trade having been greater as I shall explain later.

Turning to the liabilities side, you will notice that £1,250,000 6½ per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock appears and the ordinary shares are increased by the addition of the small balance previously unissued. On the other hand, the Bank Loan of £3,210,000 of 1929 has disappeared.

The first six months of the year's working were satisfactory. There was a fall in the raw sugar market, and consequently a loss on stock, but nothing abnormal, and it then appeared that the price of raw sugar would stabilize itself somewhere round about the cost of production, and we had every reason to expect that the next six months to the end of September would be equally satisfactory.

## THE DROP IN PRICES

Unfortunately, a state of affairs developed during the summer months such as we have never had to meet before, and I am sure that there are many gentlemen in the room with a life experience of the trade who will agree with this remark. In April the price of raw sugar was about 8s. per cwt., but during the summer it fell to the lowest point touched, namely, 4s. 9d., this being more than 1s. below any previously recorded price,

and a little more than half the cost of production. At one period it almost appeared that the price might go to zero, and there would be a general collapse. Fortunately, this did not actually take place, but I think you will understand that—carrying large stocks of raw sugar as we must do, owing to the magnitude of our weekly output—the position was serious.

In stable markets we can usually rely upon the consuming trade to cover their requirements for some time ahead, thus protecting us to some extent against a decline in value, but in a market with constantly sinking prices buyers show little desire to run any risk of market fluctuations, and by purchasing no more than their immediate requirements throw the whole onus of the market risk back upon firms like ours, which, by the nature of their business, are bound to hold large stocks.

The existence of a single selling agency to control the sale of raw sugar in the chief producing country—Cuba—imported an additional element of difficulty in the purchasing of our supplies, and we were at times faced with a situation of being compelled to buy against our better judgment and in larger quantities than we would have preferred.

## REASON FOR FALL IN VALUE

You will naturally ask what is the reason for this fall in value. The people in the room who are in the sugar trade probably know as much as I do, but in my opinion it has been caused primarily by the accumulation in producers' hands of a large surplus of sugar as a result of the disinclination of sugar users generally to hold stocks. This is a feature not confined to this commodity, and is one of the difficulties inherent in the present economic situation throughout the world. I do not believe that the actual consumption of sugar everywhere shows much decrease, if it shows any at all, and if I am right in this assumption then I think we shall be able to look forward with confidence to a large and regular trade during the coming year.

We have in the past adopted a conservative policy with regard to reserves, and I am glad to say that—even in the difficult period we have passed through—we have not been compelled to touch these reserves except to a very small extent as follows: The Dividend Reserve, which was created in the year of the coal strike, has been reduced by £80,000, which I consider quite legitimate, as this reserve was created to meet an emergency such as has now arisen. The General Reserve of £1,150,000 remains as before.

## THE OUTLOOK

Since the beginning of October the raw sugar market has improved, and it is quite obvious that the price of raw sugar is now considerably below the cost of production, and this position of affairs cannot go on indefinitely. Naturally it is our interest to obtain our supplies of raw material as cheaply as possible, but when an article is being produced at a loss there is always the danger of violent reactions which may seriously interfere with the normal course of business.

In spite of the fall in actual profits, I think it is my duty to make it clear that, in the opinion of your board, the results of the year's trading are anything but discouraging.

The facts are that our output has been greater than ever before. We have practically driven the foreigner from this country, and the margin of profit on day to day prices has been at least as good as last year. Had it not been for the unprecedented fall in the raw sugar market, the financial results would also have been greater.

In other words, our trade generally has been better than ever, and since it is unlikely that the price of sugar can fall much lower, we may look forward to the future with continued confidence.

## APPRECIATION OF STAFF

In conclusion, I should like to remark that our refineries have been maintained in a high state of efficiency, and the directors wish to express their appreciation of the loyal support that they have received from the staff and work-people. (Applause.)

Sir Douglas Newton, M.P., said that he would like to congratulate the board upon the very satisfactory results which they had attained in a very difficult period and also upon the manner in which they had conducted their great enterprise in a time of acute and world-wide depression. (Hear, hear.)

The chairman thanked Sir Douglas Newton for his remarks and then moved the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of the dividends as recommended therein.

Sir Leonard Lyle (chairman of the company) seconded the resolution and it was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors and auditors were re-elected and the proceedings terminated.

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